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THE

UNITED STATES CATHOLIC MAGAZINE AND MONTHLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1845.

OUR COLONIAL BLUE LAWS.

The Blue Laws of New-Haven Colony, *usually called Blue Laws of Connecticut;* Quaker Laws of Plymouth and Massachusetts; Blue Laws of New York, Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina. First Record of Connecticut; *interesting extracts from Connecticut records; cases of Salem witchcraft; charges and banishment of Rev. Roger Williams, &c.; and other interesting and instructive antiquities. Compiled by an Antiquarian.* Hartford: Printed by Case, Tiffany & Co. 1838. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 336.

I. The Code of 1650; *being a compilation of the earliest laws and orders of the General Court of Connecticut: also, the Constitution, or civil compact, entered into and adopted by the towns of Windsor, Hartford, and Wethersfield in* 1638—9. *To which are added some extracts from the laws and judicial proceedings of the New-Haven Colony, commonly called Blue Laws.* Hartford: Judd, Loomis & Co. 1836. 1 vol. 16mo., pp. 119.

WE WILL not pause to examine the grave question, whether the denomination *Blue Laws* originated in the trivial circumstance that the first printed edition of them was put forth enveloped in blue colored paper, or from the fact that the laws themselves were deemed intrinsically blue. A partiality to the former opinion, it may be, induced the authors or publishers of the two works, the titles of which are given above, to have the first put up in a *blue* cover, and the second printed entirely on *blue* paper; while, in confirmation of the latter opinion, it may be said that the popular acceptation of the term certainly denotes something more than a code merely put up in blue paper or envelope. The skilful antiquary may, perhaps, reconcile the two opinions, by supposing that the name was originally given in consequence of the circumstance alluded to, but that afterwards it was associated in the popular mind with the peculiar nature of the laws themselves which it designated. Every

philologist knows that many words in all languages have been subject to these variations in signification. One thing is certain; that the epithet *Blue Laws* now denotes a system of legislation marked by narrow-minded policy and proscriptive exclusiveness.

There has been manifestly a studied effort on the part of the descendents of the New England Puritans to cover up and to conceal, as far as was possible, all traces of the very peculiar legislation adopted by their forefathers. It was only after very considerable exertions and delay, that we could succeed in procuring copies of the two little works under review; a circumstance not a little remarkable, when we consider that the editions of them are comparatively recent. Whether it is that the editions were bought up by the curious almost as soon as they were issued,—which we think scarcely probable,—or that they were suppressed, or met with but little encouragement, we would not venture to say. Certain it is, that the copies are now very scarce, and that the works themselves are but little known to our booksellers, at least to those in the west and south. And if we are to believe the compilers of the works under consideration, they too had great difficulty in procuring the necessary materials. The anonymous "antiquarian" to whom we owe the first publication assures us that, of the first edition of five hundred copies, comprising the laws compiled by Governor Eaton at the instance of the general court of New Haven colony, and printed in London in 1656, only *two* copies, so far as his researches extended, are now to be found in this country.* Mr. Silus Andrus, the author of the other smaller work, tells us "that the first revision of the early laws of Connecticut was never before printed;"† that the earliest laws of the colony were recorded only in manuscript; and that he had often the greatest difficulty in deciphering the text, "particularly for the reason that the record, in some parts, was nearly obliterated, and in others totally gone." He adds: "other parts of the record, therefore, have been resorted to, and the copy rendered complete. The ancient orthography has been accurately preserved."‡

Both works carry with them intrinsic evidences of laborious research, and of a sincere wish in the writers to be accurate; and we are quite sure that they will receive the thanks of all who are interested in the study of the early history and antiquities of our beloved country. All that we regret, is that the works are not gotten up in better style, that they have had apparently so limited a circulation, and that the authors had not the courage to attach their names to the title-page. Does it, then, really require so great an amount of moral courage to tell the whole truth when it conflicts with popular error and prejudice?

It would seem so. Thus, how very gently does not Mr. Bancroft, in his late popular history of our colonies, touch upon the eccentricities of character and the legislative peculiarities of the pilgrim fathers! How much, and how very skilfully does he not labor to soften down, or to obliterate altogether, the shades of the historic picture! We do not venture to characterize this course as disingenuous and wholly unworthy the honest and impartial historian—this might appear too sweeping a censure—but we do say that we would have admired the work of our historian much more, had he ventured to tell the *whole* truth. He can not enter the plea of expediency; for the historian should prefer truth to expediency. He can not plead ignorance; for he certainly had spread out before him the original records of the New England colonies, and, among others, those identical records which are reproduced in the two works under consideration.

Besides, he might have imitated the candor, and profited by the labors, of at least three distinguished New Englanders who had preceded him in the historical career; and who had not feared to tell the truth, and to call things by their right names. We refer to Belknap's biographical and other works; to Barber's Antiquities of New Haven; and to Peter's work on the blue laws. The truth seems to be, that Mr. Bancroft wrote his work quite too near to Plymouth rock—"the blarney stone of New England;" and that he sought too much to cater to the prejudices of his countrymen. We can scarcely find any other explanation of his strange *prudence* in regard to matters upon which he should have been more explicit and detailed. Had he been only as candid in reference to the blue laws, as he was in regard to the persecution of Roger Williams, of the Quakers, and of the witches, we would

* Preface, p. v. † Preface. ‡ Ibid.

have deemed these strictures wholly uncalled for. As it is, we may venture the suggestion, that the eminent historian will yet supply the deficiency we have indicated in some future edition of his valuable work, and that he will furnish us, at least in an appendix or a note, a faithful abstract of the early colonial blue laws of New England. This is what we purpose to attempt in the present paper, which we might entitle—a chapter that *should have been* in Bancroft.

We would deem it wholly unjust to the memory of the Puritans who settled New England, to say that they had no good qualities whatever, or even that their vices very greatly preponderated over their virtues. Faults they certainly had, faults as grievous as they were notorious and clearly marked. But they had excellencies also, which should be taken into the account in the estimate of their character. They were bold, daring, courageous, industrious, sober, enterprising, and religious after their own fashion. With an arduous mission to accomplish, they shrank not from the difficulties which encompassed them. Trained in the painful school of suffering and privation, and possessed of iron nerve, they were discouraged by no reverses, appalled by no dangers. Men of less sternness of purpose would have given up the undertaking upon which they embarked as utterly impracticable. They, however, never lost hope of a favorable issue; and, with an elasticity of character which does them honor, they surmounted obstacles, even as a ship rides the waves which threaten to engulf it in the abyss. And they have bequeathed this same enterprising and indomitable spirit to their children.

This much we say in their praise. But when this is said, all is told. Their faults stood forth, at least as prominent as their excellencies. They were narrow-minded, exclusive, proscriptive, and short-sighted in their very character, and in the whole line of their conduct and policy. In temporal matters, they sacrificed every thing to their own paltry interests. Their treatment of the poor Indians who then peopled New England, is worthy of a reprobation which we can find no words in our language strong enough properly to characterize. They cheated these simple-minded people out of their lands by shrewdness in bargaining; they goaded them into war by a system of the most cruel and heartless exactions; and then they butchered them by thousands, or drove them for ever from the beloved tombs of their fathers! The claims of gratitude could not soften the obduracy of the Puritan heart. The venerable Indian chief Massasoit had sheltered them under his wigwam, and had, with a warm and generous heart, extended to them his rude hospitalities in the hour of their greatest need; he had been kind and faithful to them to the very hour of his death; and, in requital for all this noble generosity, they waged a war of extermination on his son Philip of Mount Hope, and they sold into slavery, under the burning sun of Bermuda, his youthful grand-son, and the only heir of his name and race!! This is but one specimen of their cruelty and heartlessness. Their mode of warfare on the savages, especially that adopted against the Pequods of Connecticut, would have disgraced the savages themselves. The result of this truculent policy was, what we have already intimated, the expulsion from their territory, or the extermination of all the flourishing tribes which once inhabited the New England wilderness.

For the truth of this picture we confidently appeal to Bancroft himself, who details all the soul-stirring and heart-rending events of which we have presented but a very imperfect summary. And until these *facts*, and many others of a similar nature to which we will have occasion soon to refer, be blotted from the pages of history, we must be excused from entertaining that lofty opinion of the Puritan character which our fourth-of-July orators, and Plymouth-rock-anniversary declaimers would fain wish to thrust on us. These fulsome eulogists must give us fuller and fairer statements of facts ere we can change our opinion of the pilgrim fathers, or regard their glowing representations as a faithful picture of the real character of those men. We must have the shades as well as the lights of the picture. We must have an account of the blue laws, of the Quaker laws, of the witch laws—of the stocks, of the whipping posts, and of the branding irons;—as well as of the pure religious feelings and of the lofty patriotic aspirations of the pilgrim fathers.

We must be told that, whereas they fled from the old world for the avowed purpose of escaping a grinding *Protestant* persecution, and

of breathing, in a virgin hemisphere, the pure air of religious liberty, they notwithstanding had no sooner established themselves in their new homes, than they boldly set to work to establish odious religious tests, to enforce religious uniformity, to persecute and to drive into the wilderness brother *Protestants* who had the misfortune to interpret the Scriptures differently from themselves; to banish, to hang, to brand, or to bore with red-hot irons the tongues of the inoffensive Quakers; to hunt up and exterminate the witches; and to enact the blue laws. Really, we can be satisfied with nothing less; and though the Plymouth orators may make wry faces, and protest loudly against taking a medicine so very unpalatable, they must still take it like men, if they would wish to be healed themselves, or to prepare themselves for healing others. The days of idle declamation and overstrained or false eulogy are, we fondly hope, drawing to a close, and those of sober truth are beginning to dawn upon us. Men now-a-days will not be satisfied with any thing less than the truth, and the *whole* truth, just such as genuine history unfolds it: and if, under this process, phantoms which we have conjured up for our own special entertainment should vanish, or if visions of ancestral glory should disappear altogether, or be brought down to the standard of sober reality, still the whole truth must be boldly and fearlessly told. Only those who are laboring to bolster up a bad cause can fear the truth; and the time has come when even the children of the Puritans must nerve themselves to look the truth boldly in the face.

Nor let us be told that the faults to which we allude were but blemishes in the otherwise stainless character of the pilgrim fathers. We know that this has been often said, and that it is even fashionable to repeat it; but it is not the more true for all this. To every reasonable and impartial man it must appear manifest that the charges we prefer against the early colonists of New England embrace something more than mere trifles and peccadilloes; something more than mere peculiarities and eccentricities; something, in a word, which deeply involves the very substance of their moral and religious character. Was it a mere trifle to hang witches, to hang Quakers, to drive out brother Protestants, to butcher Indians? Was it, even, a mere trifle to adopt a system of vexatious legislation which established a harassing espionage over a man's most trivial actions, which prescribed the cut of the hair, the fashion of the dress, and the particular occasions on which mothers might with impunity kiss their children, or wives their husbands? Were all these things, and many more of a similar character, mere blemishes?

We think not; and we are of opinion that all our readers will agree with us in opinion, if they will only have the patience to examine those peculiarities of legislation, an abstract of which we will now proceed to lay before them. We shall state nothing which has not been taken from authentic records by the two writers to whose works we have called attention, or which can not be substantiated by other undoubted collateral authorities. And as the first work on our list comprises nearly all that is contained in the second, we may as well admonish our readers that our quotations shall be mainly taken from its pages.

The blue laws of New England may be distributed into two classes: the first comprising those connected with religion; and the second, those which regarded secular matters. We will present several curious specimens of legislation under each of these classes, from the various codes republished in the volumes before us. The laws in question were enacted by the general courts of the different plantations in successive years; and of the codes embracing them, that of the Plymouth or Massachusetts colony is the oldest, dating back as far as 1638, but that of New Haven, drawn up by Governor Eaton, and printed in 1656, is by far the *bluest*. The latter seems to have been derived with various additions and improvements from the former. A striking similarity both in principles and in language pervades all the early New England codes; and to avoid needless repetition, we shall quote sometimes from one collection and sometimes from another, and we shall endeavor to give not only the words, but the orthography of the original.

I. Religion was a prominent feature in the whole system of New England legislation. Every code which we have examined is based upon the doctrine of a union of church and state, and contains provisions rigidly enforcing religious conformity. Crimes against religion were punished by civil penalties always rigid,

sometimes wantonly cruel. The pilgrim fathers had been the victims of the same principle in the old world; but still they took *special* care to re-establish it forthwith in the new. They required every one to come up to their own elevated standard of orthodoxy, and to believe neither more nor less than themselves. A complete theocracy, modified in its development according to times, places, and circumstances, appears to have been the cardinal principle, and the darling idea of all the founders of New England. If it be not historically true, as some one has however stated it to be, that "they agreed to take the law of God for their guidance until they could *make a better*," it is at least certain that they attempted to revive the antiquated system of theocratic government unfolded in the books of Moses, and that they even added to its rigor in many instances!

The following laws are predicated on the principle of religious conformity, or of church and state.

"Whosoever shall frequently neglect the public worship of God on the Lord's day, *that is approved by this government*, shall forfeit for every such default convicted of, ten shillings, especially where it appears to arrise from negligence, idleness, or profaneness of spirit." (Laws of the Plymouth colony.)*

"Every person in this jurisdiction, *according to the mind of God*, shall duly resort and attend worship upon the Lord's day at least, and upon public fasting or thanksgiving days, and if any person, without just cause, absent or withdraw from the same, he shall for every such sinful miscarriage forfeit five shillings." (Laws of New Haven colony.)†

"It is ordered, that if any Christian (so called) shall within this jurisdiction, behave himself contemptuously towards the word of God preached, *or any member thereof* called and faithfully dispensing the same in any congregation, either by interrupting him in his preaching, *or falsely charging him with errour*, to the disparagement and hindrance of the work of God in his hands, (Acts xiii. 10 *with Bena his note upon it*) every such person or persons shall be duly punished either by the plantation court, or court of magistrates, according to the quality and measure of the offence, that all others may fear to break out into such wickednesse." (Gov. Eaton's Laws.)‡

This principle is carried out in a variety of details which our limits do not allow us to furnish; but we can not refrain from quoting two passages in Gov. Eaton's collection which distinctly and boldly avow the doctrine itself. They are taken from the "fundamental agreement" of the plantations composing the New Haven colony; and their estimated importance may be inferred from the fact that the first is taken from the very beginning of the "agreement" itself, and the second is the first "fundamental" law on the list of articles subjoined to that instrument.

"That none shall be admitted freemen, or free burgesses, within this jurisdiction, or any part of it, but such planters *as are members of some one or other of the aproved churches of New England;* nor shall any such be chosen to magistracy, or to carry on any part of civil jurisdiction, or as deputies or assistants to have power, or vote in establishing laws, or in making or repealing orders, or to any chief military office or trust, nor shall any others *but some such church members* have any vote in any such elections, though all others admitted to be planters have right to their proper inheritances, and doe and shall enjoy all other civil liberties and priviledges according to all laws, orders, or grants, which on (are?), or hereafter shall be made for this colony."*

"1. This court thus framed, shall first, with all care and diligence, from time to time, provide for the maintenance of the *purity* of religion, *and suppress the contrary*, according to their best light and directions *from the word of God*."†

To these we will add the following provisions likewise contained in Gov. Eaton's code.

"22. All the people of God within this jurisdiction, who are not in church way, *being orthodox in judgment*, shall have liberty to gather themselves to a church estate. (1656.)

"23. No man shall be admitted to the *freedom* of this jurisdiction who is not a member of some church in New England, approved by the magistrates and churches of this colony." (New Haven colony laws, 1656.)‡

The following law, passed by the general court convened at Hartford in 1650, though it is couched in language very similar to that of one already quoted, is so curious that we can not refrain from giving it entire. After a suitable preamble, the court says:

"It is therefore ordered and decreed: That if any Christian (so called) within this jurisdiction, shall contemptuously behave himselfe towards the word preached or the messengers thereof, called to dispence the same in any congregation when he doth faithfully execute his service and office therein, *according to the will and mind of God*, either by interrupting him in his preaching, or by charging him falsely with

* Blue laws, &c., p. 55. † Ibid. p. 127. ‡ Ibid. p. 176.

* Ibid. p. 142. † Ibid. p. 145. ‡ Ibid. p. 127-8.

an error w'ch he hath not thought in the open face of the church, or like a sonne of Korah, cast upon his true doctrine, or himselfe any reproach, to the dishonour of the Lord Jesus, who hath sent him, and to the disparagement of that his holy ordinance, and making Gods wayes contemptible and ridiculous, that every such person or persons (whatsoever censure the church may passe) shall for the first scandall be convented and reproved openly by the magistrates at some lecture, and bound to their good behavoour. And if a second time they breake forth in the like contemptuous carriages, they shall pay either five pounds to the publique treasury or stand two houres openly vpon a block or stoole four foott high vppon a lecture day, with a paper fixed on his breast, written with capitalle letters, AN OPEN AND OBSTINATE CONTEMNER OF GOD'S HOLY ORDINANCES, that others may feare and be ashamed of breaking out into the like wickedness."*

Closely connected with this branch of the subject are the laws regulating the observance of the Sabbath day. These laws were surely *blue* enough. They would have suited the taste of the Jews, even of the sneering Pharisees who were for ever blaming our blessed Lord himself for his alleged violations of the holy Sabbath day! The Puritans had very erroneous or at least very highly exaggerated notions in regard to the Sabbath; notions which, though manifestly more Jewish than Christian, they have faithfully transmitted to their posterity. The Plymouth code contains the following enactment:

"This court taking notice of the great abuse and many misdemeanours committed by divers persons in these many ways, profaneing the Sabbath or Lord's day, to the great dishonour of God, reproach of religion, and grief of the spirit of God's people, Do, therefore, order, that whosoever shall profane the Lord's day, by doing unnecessary servile work, by unnecessary travailing or, *by sports and recreations*, he or they that so transgress, shall forfeit for every such default forty shillings, *or be publicly whipt;* but if it clearly appear that sin was proudly, presumptuously and with a high hand committed, against the known command and authority of the blessed God, such a person therein despising and reproaching the Lord, SHALL BE PUT TO DEATH, or grievously punished at the discretion of the court."‡

This law was re-enacted in similar language by the colonies of New Haven and Hartford with the addition of the appropriate Scriptural references!‡ Sabbath breaking was one of the highest offences known to the laws; and the legislators descended to the most minute, and even ridiculous details on the subject. Take the following specimens from the collections of Barber and Peters, which comprise laws before unpublished, and anterior to those contained in the printed code of Gov. Eaton.

"21. No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting. (Barber.)

"22. No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave, on the Sabbath day. (Barber.)

"23. *No woman shall kiss her child* on the Sabbath or fasting day. (Barber.)

"24. The Sabbath shall begin *at sunset* on Saturday."*

To these add the following singular law taken from Gov. Eaton's code.

"38. If any man *shall kiss his wife* or *wife her husband on the Lord's day*, the party in fault, shall be punished at the discretion of the court of magistrates."†

To this the author of the work from which we are quoting appends the following note:

"Tradition says, a gentleman of New Haven, after an absence of some months, reached home on the Sabbath, and meeting his wife at his door, kissed her with an appetite, and for *his temerity in violating this law*, the next day was arraigned before the court, and fined, for so *palpable* a breach of the law on the Lord's day."

This reminds us of another law, contained in a collection which we have not seen, by which it was prohibited to brew beer on Saturday, lest it should *work*, and thus violate the Sabbath on the following day! And of another regulation, in which the proprietors of bees were required to close the orifices of the hives on Saturday evening *before sunset*, lest the industrious little insects should be guilty of Sabbath breaking! We do not, however, vouch for the accuracy of either of these regulations; though we are persuaded that there were many such laws in existence which were never published, and the memory of which was preserved only by tradition.

In all the early codes of New England blasphemy was punished with death, and profane swearing with the most severe penalties. The laws on these subjects, especially those of Connecticut, were flanked with abundant references to Scripture; and it was a settled maxim, that, where the colonial law could not reach a particular case, it should be decided

* Ibid. p. 107—8. † Ibid. p. 55.
‡ Ibid. p. 206, et alibi.

* Ibid. p. 122. † Ibid. p. 130.

on by the law of God! Thus Gov. Eaton's code contains the provisions subjoined.

"40. No man's life shall be taken away, honor or good name shall be stained, his person imprisoned, banished, or punished, deprived of his wife or children, or property taken, unless by virtue or equity of some express law established by the general court and published: and *for want of a law in any particular case, shall be judged by the word of God.* (1656.)

"41. All capitall causes, concerning life, or banishment, *if there is no express law, shall be judged according to the word and law of God,* by the generall courte."* (1656.)

As for Roman Catholics, they might expect no toleration, and little mercy from people so peculiarly *holy.* The following is found among the blue laws of Connecticut:

"10. No priest shall abide in this dominion: he shall be banished and SUFFER DEATH on his return. Priests may be seized by any one without a warrant."† (In force before 1656.)

We conclude this portion of the subject with the following singular specimens of legal cant, sanctimoniousness and acumen.

"36. No one shall read Common prayer, keep Christmas, or saints' days, *make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet, and jews-harp.*" (Barber.) Blue laws of Connecticut.‡

"1662. The court proposeth it as a thing they judge would be very commendable to the townes where God's providence shall cast any whales, if they should agree to set apart some p'te of every such fish or oyle *for the incouragement of an able and godly minister amongst them.*" (Blue laws of Mass.)*

"For the prevention of the profanation of the Lord's day, it is enacted by the court and the authoritie thereof, that the select men of the severall townes of this jurisdiction, or any one of them, may or shall as there may be occasion, take with him the constable or his deputie, and repair to any house or place where *they may suspect* that any slothfully doe lurke att hom or gett together in companie to neglect the publicke worship of God, or profane the Lord's day, and finding any such disorder, shall returne the names of the p'sons to the next court, and give notice of any particular miscarriage they may have taken notice of," &c. (Id.) †

II. Such were some of the principal features in the *religious* portion of the blue laws of New England. We will now furnish some examples of such laws as regarded civil matters. And it will be seen, at a glance, that the same narrow-minded, exclusive, and proscriptive spirit pervaded the whole of that most singular system of legislation.

The criminal code was peculiarly rigid and unmerciful. It multiplied capital offences beyond all the bounds of mercy or reason. Not only idolatry and blasphemy, but also sins against purity, rape, and sudden homicide, were punished with death. In the code of Connecticut, adultery was also visited with the same penalty.‡ And all the laws under this head are duly confirmed by references to the law of Moses; as if the law of Moses had not been abrogated by Christ! We subjoin a few among the more curious of these laws.

"6. If any person slayeth another *suddenly in anger* and cruelty of passion; he shall be put to death." (Blue laws of Mass.)§

"25. If any man have a stubborn, rebellious son of 16 years old, who will not obey the voyce of his father or mother, and being chastened, will not hearken unto them, then shall his father and mother, lay hold on him, and bring him to the magistrates assembled in court, and testifie unto them, that their son is stubborne and rebellious, and will not obey their voyce, but lives in sundry crimes: SUCH A SON SHALL BE PUT TO DEATH. Deut. xxi, 18, 19, 20, 21. Enacted 1656." (Blue laws of New Haven colony.)‖

*Ibid. p. 130.

†Ibid. p. 121. In many of the other colonies the Catholics fared little better. In New York city a Catholic priest was publicly hanged for his religion! In relation to the legislation of the colony of New York, Chancellor Kent says:

"Before the adoption of the present constitution of the United States, the power of naturalization resided in the several states; and the constitution of this state, as it was originally passed (Art. 42), required all persons born out of the United States, and naturalized by our legislature, to take an oath abjuring all foreign allegiance and subjection, in all matters, *ecclesiastical* as well as civil. This was intended, and so it operated, to exclude from the benefits of naturalization Roman Catholics, who acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of the pope, and it was the result of former fears and prejudices (still alive and active at the commencement of our revolution) respecting the religion of the Romish (!) church, which European history had taught (!) us to believe was incompatible with perfect national independence, or the freedom and good order of civil society. So extremely strong, and so astonishingly fierce and unrelenting was public prejudice on this subject, in the early part of our colonial history, that we find it declared by law in the early part of the last century (Colony laws, vol. i, p. 38, Livingston's and Smith's edition), that every Jesuit and popish priest, who should continue in the colony after a given day, should be condemned *to perpetual imprisonment;* and if he broke prison and escaped, and was retaken, *he should be put to death.* That law, said Mr. Smith, the historian of the colony, as late as 1756 (Smith's History of New York, p. 111), was worthy of perpetual duration!"—*Commentaries on Am. Law, vol.* ii, *pp.* 62-3. *New York,* 1827.

‡Ibid. p. 123.

*Ib. p. 48. †Ib. pp. 49, 50. ‡Ib. p. 126. §Ib. p. 52.

‖P. 128. See the same law in Massachusetts, p. 53.

"Whoever sets a fire in the woods, and it burns a house, SHALL SUFFER DEATH; and persons *suspected* of this crime shall be imprisoned *without benefit of bail.*" (Blue laws of Connecticut.)*

For crimes not capital by the laws, the most severe and cruel punishments were often awarded. The rack, the stocks, the whipping post, and the branding iron, were not unfrequently put in requisition. Take the following laws as specimens.

"9. If any person commit burglary, or rob any person, *he shall be branded on the right hand with the letter* B; for second offence, *shall be branded on his left hand, and whipt,* and for the third offence, he shall be put to death. Judg. xviii, 7." (Blue laws of New Haven.)†

"When it appears that an accused has confederates, and he refuses to discover them, he may be *racked.*" (Blue laws of Conn.)‡

"30. Whoever publishes a lie to the prejudice of his neighbor, *shall sit in the stocks, or be whipped fifteen stripes.*" (Id.) §

"And if any person shall commit such burglary, or so rob in any place on the Lord's day, he shall (besides restitution and damage) for the first offence *be burnt on the right hand as before, and severely whipt;* for the second offence, *he shall be burnt on the left hand, stand on the pillory, be severely whipt, and wear a halter in the day time constantly and visibly about his neck,* as a mark of infamy, till the court of magistrates see cause to release him from it," &c. (Blue laws of New Haven.) ‖

The following singular laws may be classed under the head *miscellaneous.* We venture to say that no system of legislation that was ever devised, either before or since, can present any thing half so curious.

It would seem that, in Massachusetts, Indians and wolves were classified under the same genus! In 1675 it was

"Ordered by the court, that whosoever shall shoot of any gun on any unnecessarie occation, or att any game whatsover, EXCEPT ATT AN INDIAN OR A WOOLFE, shall forfeit five shillings for every such shott, till further libertie shall be given."¶

The good pilgrims seem to have had a mortal aversion for tobacco. Among the many laws on this most important subject, we select the two which follow:

"1640. That if any person take tobacco whilst they are empannelled upon a jurie, to forfeit five shillings for every default, except they have given up their verdict, or are not to give yt until the next day, or dep't the court by consent." (Blue laws of Mass.) **

* P. 122. † P. 126. ‡ P. 123. § Ibid.
‖ P. 156. ¶ P. 50. ** P. 44.

"It is enacted by the court, that any p'son or p'sons that shall be found smoaking tobacco on the Lord's day, going to or coming from the meetings, *within two miles of the meeting house,* shall pay twelve pence for every such default to the colonie's use." (Id.) *

There were many laws regulating the attire both of males and of females, the fashions, and even the cut of the hair! Thus, our author tells us that

"There was an ancient law in Massachusetts, that ladies' dresses should be made so long as to hide their shoe buckles, and in 1630 there was an act of the general court also prohibiting short sleeves, and requiring garments to be lengthened so as to cover the arms to the wrists, and gowns to the shoe buckles; (also) 'immoderate great breeches, knots of ribin, broad shoulder bands, and they be, silk roses, double ruffs and cuffs.' In the same colony, in 1653, J. Fairbanks was tried for wearing *great boots,* but was acquitted." †

Among the blue laws of Connecticut, we find the following on this subject.

"33. Whoever wears cloths trimmed with gold, silver, or bone lace, *above two shillings by the yard,* shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the offender at £300 estate." (Several acts governing the attire of the subjects.) ‡

"44. Every male shall have his hair *cut round* according *to a cap.*" (Barber and Peters.) §

To which our author appends the following note by way of explanation:

"A cap to go round the head was used, drawn close to the head, and the hair cut by the cap. A pumpkin severed in the middle, and placed on the head, was often used as a substitute for a cap, in the season of them, as tradition says! The Levitical laws forbid cutting the hair or rounding the head."‖

The subjoined blue laws of Connecticut, taken chiefly from the collections of Peters and Barber, regard different other subjects, and may speak for themselves.

"20. No one to cross a river, but with an authorized ferryman. (Barber.)

"25. To pick an ear of corn growing in a neighbor's garden shall be deemed theft.

"26. A person accused of trespass in the night *shall be judged guilty, unless he clear himself by his oath.*

"28. No one *shall buy or sell lands without permission of the selectmen.*

"29. A drunkard shall have a master appointed by the selectmen, who are to debar him from the liberty of buying and selling.

"31. *No minister shall keep a school.* (Barber.)

* P. 49. † Pp. 131-2. ‡ P. 123. § P. 124. ‖ Ibid.

"32. Every rateable person, who refuses to pay his proportion to the support of the minister of the town or parish, shall be fined by the court £2, and £4 every quarter, until he or she pay the rate to the minister. (Other acts to enforce collection of parochial taxes.)

"34. A debtor in prison, swearing he has no estate, shall be let out AND SOLD TO MAKE SATISFACTION. (Altered in 1656.)

"37 No Gospel minister shall join people in marriage. The magistrates only shall join people in marriage, as they may do it with less scandal to Christ's church. (Barber.) This law was amended by the court in 1694.

"39. The selectmen finding children ignorant, may take them from their parents, and place them in *better hands, at the expense of their parents.* (Record.)

"41. A *wife shall be deemed good evidence against her husband.*

"42. Married persons must live together, *or be imprisoned.*

"43. No man shall court a maid in person or by letter, without first obtaining the consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offence, £10 for the second; and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court."*

In the following enactment by the general court of Massachusetts, we may discover the germ of the odious sedition law proposed by the elder John Adams.

"It is ordered, that whosoever shall defame any court of justice, or any of the magistrates or judges of any court in this jurisdiction, in respect of any act or decision therein passed; every such offender, upon due proof made, shall be by the court of magistrates punished by fine, imprisonment, binding to the peace or good behaviour, acording to the guilt and measure of the offence or disturbance, to them seeming just and equal."†

In regard to the indissolubility of the marriage contract, the good pilgrims held opinions not half so rigid as on other points of much less importance. Bible in hand, they allowed of divorce, with the privilege of marrying again, for mere desertion; as appears from the following law of the New Haven colony.

"And it is further declared that if any husband shall, without consent, just cause shewn, wilfully desert his wife, or the wife her husband, actually and peremptorily refusing all matrimonial society, and shall obstinately persist therein, after due means have been used to convince and reclaim, the husband or wife, so deserted, may justly seek and expect help and relief, according to 1 Cor. vii, 15; and the court, upon satisfying evidence thereof, may not hold the innocent party under bondage."‡

We might greatly multiply our quotations, but those we have already furnished are deemed sufficient to show the distinctive features in the blue law system of legislation. Was ever such a system heard of either before or since? Was there ever one more wantonly cruel in many of its enactments, or more vexatious by its minute details? We believe that it is wholly without a parallel, at least in Christian times.

And, be it remembered, those laws were not enacted in a dark age, but nearly a century and a half after the light of the blessed reformation had been beaming full upon the world! They were enacted too by men who boasted of their own superior religious lights, and who set themselves apart from the rest of the world as *Puritans*, or peculiarly *pure* and holy; by men who had the Bible for ever at their tongues' ends, and who were always vaunting their reverence for its sacred principles of love and mercy; by men with long faces and sanctimonious appearance, who gave themselves forth as models of righteousness; by men, too, who had just escaped the lash of religious persecution, inflicted on them *by brother Protestants* in Europe, and who should have learned more enlarged and liberal principles in the rough school of suffering! These men are held up by their posterity as the very paragons of perfection; and yet their *public* acts exhibit them in a different light altogether.

But the blue laws have been modified or repealed. True; but no thanks are due to the Puritans for the better system of legislation which now obtains in New England. The amelioration was forced on them by circumstances of imperative necessity; by circumstances which it would have been vain in them to have attempted to resist or control. It was surely no merit of theirs, that the odious principle of a union of church and state was annulled. The constant influx of European emigration, of persons belonging to all sects or to no sects, soon left them in the minority, and compelled them to return to more liberal principles. The abrogation of the blue laws, we repeat it, was brought about not *by* the Puritans, but *in spite* of the Puritans.

Nor let us be told that they did but act out the principles of their age; and that they were not alone in narrow-mindedness. Even if it

* Pp. 122—4. † Pp. 55-6. ‡ P. 174.

were so, it would scarcely be a valid apology for men of whom we are constantly informed that they were in advance of their age. The truth is, they *were* in advance of their age, but it was in selfishness, in intolerance, and in bigotry. There were blue laws in many of the other colonies, but they were few, and exceptions to the general order of things; New England was the very paradise of blue laws, the soil in which they were indigenous, and in which they flourished most. We look in vain for a large collection of such laws, even in the Protestant colonies of New York, Virginia, and South Carolina, in all of which, however, principles of proscription for conscience' sake were openly avowed and acted on. We could easily establish this by giving a brief summary of the various blue laws enacted by those colonies, as furnished us by our anonymous "antiquarian." But our narrow limits will not allow us, at present, to go into the comparison; nor do we deem it at all necessary to do so. All who have ever glanced at the distinctive features in our early colonial legislation will readily admit that New England was manifestly *in advance* of all the other sections of the country in all that was *blue* and fanatical. In all this she stood alone and unrivalled.*

By the way, the land of "steady habits" does not appear to have been half so *steady* in olden times as it has the reputation of being at present. We find the blue law legislators continually inveighing against the frightful prevalence of drunkenness in their new land of promise, and enacting the most rigid laws for its suppression. And if we are to believe the account of a cotemporary Dutch traveller, who visited the plantations on the Connecticut river in 1638-9, they had abundant reason for the rigor of their enactments. He says of the colonists:

"The English here live sober. They drink only *three times* every meal, and those that become drunk are whipt on a pole as the thieves in Holland."*

To the eternal honor of the Catholic colony of Maryland be it said that there were no blue laws there so long as Catholics retained the ascendency. The legislation was, indeed, *blue* enough, so soon as Protestants seized on the reins of government. At that time, even those who had been the first on this continent to give to the breeze the glorious banner of universal freedom, both civil and religious, became themselves the victims of a most intolerant and cruel legislation devised by those, too, whom they had sheltered and protected! †

This subject is so interesting to the Christian, and to the American antiquary, that we shall probably revert to it, and dwell at some length on the persecutions of *Protestants* in New England, and on the hanging of Quakers and witches by the enlightened Puritans!

* We have not space to enumerate the various blue laws of the other colonies. We present the following early laws of Virginia as a specimen of them.

In March, 1623, it was enacted by the general assembly of Virginia, "that whosoever shall absent himselfe from divine service any Sunday without an allowable excuse, shall forfeite a pound of tobacco, and he that absenteth himselfe a month shall forfeite 50lb. of tobacco."

It was further enacted, "that no minister be absent from his church, above two months in all the yeare, upon penalty of forfeiting halfe his means, and whosoever shall be absent above foure months in the yeare shall forfeite his whole means and cure."

"That no man dispose of any of his tobacco before the minister be satisfied, upon pain of forfeiture double his part of the minister's means, and one man of every plantation to collect his means out of the first and best tobacco and corn."

There were also in this colony, if we remember aright, certain laws about "ducking a gossiping and scolding wife," and fining the unfortunate husband a certain number of pounds of tobacco, if his wife was too free with her tongue! The gallantry of the old dominion has, however, long since expunged these odious regulations, so very revolting to the dignity, and infringing so cruelly on the most cherished privileges of the sex!

* From his Journal, given by our author, p. 120.

† See Bancroft's History, vol. i, Maryland.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

BY FRANCIS DIMOND.

The tribes were encamped by the verge of the sea—
Their camels unladen, their flocks grazing free;
Their long lines of tents glittered bright in the sun;
The desert was past, and the feast was begun.
Lo! a dust-cloud along the horizon is seen,
Where but now not a speck on the desert had been;
Above its dense masses shine banner and spear:
'Tis the dark host of Pharaoh in rapid career!
As the wolves beat around when the herd comes to bay;
As the eagles survey ere they swoop on the prey;
So, wheeling and circling, the horsemen came on,
As to spoil ready made, as to victory won.

And Israel looked up, and beheld from afar
The squadrons approach, and the strong men of war;
And the shouts and the tramping smote hard on their ear,
And with murmurs they cried to the Lord in their fear:
"By the sword, by the desert, by the depths of the sea
Hemmed in, must we perish? Is this to be free?
Hath Egypt no graves where the trodden might lie?
That we are led forth in the desert to die!"
And the time-stricken matrons and young maidens wail,
And the faint-hearted shrink, and in dread terror quail,
And the elders stand silent, with deep clouded brows,
And the brave grasp their sabres, or leap to their bows.

Who is he? who is he of the towering form,
Whose arm, uplifted, allayeth that storm
Of terror, of doubt, and of kindling ire,
Whose accents of power with courage inspire
The timid, and strengthen the bolder of mood,
In that wavering, heart-stricken multitude?
It is Moses, the lord of the powerful wand,
The minister bold of Adonai's right hand;
The doomed, the exposed, the redeemed from the waves
Sent to rescue from thraldom a nation of slaves;
It is he whose aspiring genius could soar
Through the loftiest maze of their mystical lore;
Who first made the haughty Egyptian feel
The force of an Israelite's arm and steel;
Who, an exile and lonely, by Madian's well,
Whilst the weight of the past o'er his young spirit fell,
Acknowledged the might of that powerful chord,
In the hearts of the brave, when by sympathy stirred,
To relieve the oppressed, the oppressor to bend,
The injured to right, and the weak to defend,
And smote the rude boors by that well's lonely waters,
And shielded from injury Raguel's daughters.

It is he who, alone by the 'mountain of God,'
In the garb of a shepherd—his sceptre a rod—
Appointed by heaven to the holiest trust,
Leader, prophet, and lawgiver mighty and just,
Goes forth to redeem, and to guide with his hand:
It is Moses, the lord of the powerful wand!

As a rock 'mid the breakers, unmoved by their roar,
When in fury they thunder, and leap 'gainst the shore,
He stands in that tumult, commanding and high,
And speaks with high trust beaming forth from his eye:
O timid! O faithless! why murmur and wail!
Can the mightiest One in his promises fail?
Who, working his will through this feeble right hand,
So often hath smitten yon beautiful land
That ye might go free? Shall he slacken his power
To shield and to save in this terrible hour?
And you, ye strong hearted, who fearlessly stand
With bow ready bent, or with sabre in hand,
Trust not in an arm of flesh; for 'tis spoken:
Your tyrants shall perish, your bonds shall be broken
By him, the Almighty, ineffable ONE!
Advance! and behold what he wills to be done!

* * * * * * * *

The sinking sun's effulgence gave
A golden tint to each rippling wave
In the gulf of Heroöpolis,
And lingered awhile with parting kiss
On the eastern bound of that narrow sea,
And the mountains of rocky Arabie,
Whose summits riven, and bald and high,
Gave back the light of that roseate die,
From Sinai's cliffs, from Horeb's piles,
O'er dark ravines, and broken defiles;
O'er the trembling sea, and the shadowed coast,
O'er fugitive tribes, and pursuing host.
But, lo! more bright than reflected sheen
Of the day-god's setting, a light is seen
On Horeb's lofty mount! Each spire
And cliff is bathed in celestial fire!
'Tis night, yet it burneth bright and still,
And shines afar from the sacred hill!
It moves! It comes! 'Tis the spirit cloud!
O God of our fathers, they shout aloud,
Thine angel comes, in his fiery wreath,
To scatter our foes with his burning breath!

As with the sound of strong winds rushing,
When the cedars bend in the stormy blast,
Or the distant roar of torrents gushing,
When the thunder shower is spent and past;
As with the speed of meteor flashing
Its sparkling course o'er the northern heaven;
Or Edom's fiery horsemen dashing
Through the foes' array, when the ranks are riven:
So comes that fiery pillar, cleaving
Its way through the gathering gloom of night,

And far o'er sea and mountain leaving
  One glorious, burning arc of light;
It nears the hosts, and, slow descending,
  The dusky hordes of Misraïm
With fear behold its rays portending,
  Like the flaming swords of the cherubim!
Now terror pale and gasping wonder
  Their vaward men of war restrain;
Recoiling steeds and chariots thunder,
  In dread confusion, o'er the plain,
And rend the rearward lines asunder,
  With palsied hand upon the rein.
The trumpet's clang, the captain's shouting
  Fall, all unheeded, on the ear;
The boldest warriors, wavering, doubting,
  Are backward borne in panic fear.
Thus, rushing, surging, eddying, beating,
  The leaders with their broken powers,
Brief space, in loose array, retreating,
  Draw up beneath Beelzephon's towers.*

* * * * * * *

O speed ye! O speed ye! ye sons of Israel,
For the rock and the desert, the land of Ishmael!
On! fearlessly, trustingly leaning on God,
Whose servant hath only to stretch forth his rod,
And we go where, before us, no mortal hath trod!
O'er the ridges of coral, all jagged and high,
O'er the low-sweeping vales, where the sea monsters lie,
By the swift-ebbing waters abandoned to die;
By the wave-rounded hills of the yet dripping sand,
O'er the bed of the ocean made dry by His hand,
On! chosen of God! speed ye on to the land!
To the land of your kindred, ye sons of Israel!
To the free-spreading desert, the land of Ishmael!

O speed ye! O speed ye! ye sons of Israel,
To the mountain of refuge, the land of Ishmael!
Already its hills in the morning appear;
Its broad-spreading palm trees—we see them from here—
Where our strong and our valiant ones bring up the rear.
Behold where our foremost exultingly stand,
As our women and children deploy on its strand,
And signal their joy to us, waving the hand.
O joy! for their happy deliverance won

*I have taken the liberty of imagining Beelzephon to have been a city or town. My opinion, however, in prose, is that Beelzephon is the ancient scriptural name for a very narrow peninsula extending westwardly into the gulf of Suez, (or, as in the text, Hero-opolis,) and called in the present day Ras Safrone, and "over against" which the host of Pharaoh probably encamped on the main land. This peninsula, extending from the foot of Mount Kolzim, terminates at a point not over fifteen miles (on the map) from Mera,—probably the Mera of Exodus v,—on the Arabian shore. The resemblance in sound of Safrone to Sephon (a species of argument on which antiquarians build more important hypotheses) leads me to venture the supposition above suggested, as also the supposition that it is from this point the Israelites effected their passage.

The possibility of the twin summits of Sinai and Horeb being seen at the distance of about seventy or eighty miles from the base of this peninsula, by "the fugitive tribes," as imagined in the text, is left entirely with the reader. I may here confess that I have taken large liberties with quantities and accents, as well as with geography: for instance, "Israel" is sometimes accented on the penult, sometimes on the final syllable. Misraim, one of the names for Egypt, from Misraim son of Cham, is similarly treated. For these, and all other liberties, the usually accorded license is pleaded. F. D.

By the Lord 'twixt the set and the rise of the sun!
And joy for our freedom thus bravely begun!
Then onward! then onward! ye sons of Israel!
No tyrant can live in the land of Ishmael!

O shout for your freedom, ye sons of Israel!
Your feet tread the soil of your kindred Ishmael!
The hard-hearted king and his cohorts pursue;
Their arms and their banners are gleaming in view:
On the breath of the morn come their shout and halloo!
Like hungering wolves, they pursue us amain,
To hurry our children to bondage again—
To the labor unpaid—to the thong and the chain.
In their blindness, they come by that perilous ford
For his chosen ones made by the might of the Lord!
If they 'scape from the waves, we will smite with the sword!
Then shout for your freedom, ye sons of Israel!
Every rock is a fort in the land of Ishmael!

All needless your courage, ye strong and ye brave!
Though prompt be your arms to shield and to save.
In safety!—in pitying silence, look back
On your late trodden, desolate, sea-beaten track—
Behold! it is filled with our foemen, for miles,
In thick serried squadrons, and glittering files!
In front, in his gems and his purple arrayed,
Is the hard-hearted king, with his banners displayed;
And his captains and nobles, the flower of the land,
From Memphis to Thebaïs, ride on each hand,
And behind them the veteran infantry rears
Its far-shining forest of halberds and spears:
Whilst hard on each flank, full of skirmish and wile,
Ride the Nubian hordes from the hills of the Nile.
'Tis the strength of the land! But their country, for years,
Shall mourn them in sackcloth, and ashes, and tears!
And their homes and their temples with wailing shall ring,
For the curses brought down by the hard-hearted king.
O wo for Misraïm! She shared in his wrong!
On the neck of the weak she was cruel and strong.
Oh! wo for their hardness! How boldly they ride,
As if justice and right were arrayed on their side!
In the strength of their will—in the pride of their power,
They but ride to their fate! They but rush on their hour!

Hist! Now it begins! Hark! That terrible sound
From the sea to the mountain re-echoing round!
Low-muttering, hollow, deep-booming, then loud,
As the thunder escapes from the bolt-riven cloud!
'Tis the demon of ocean let loose from his hold,
Where but now he was pent as a lamb in the fold,
That the chosen might pass! Listen! hark to his call,
And the shouts of his sea-spirits answering all!
They gather! they muster! and see how they come,
On their mountain-wave coursers, all crested with foam!
Lie far-bounding lions, broke loose from their chains,
In fury they burst o'er their ancient domains,
As if eager to sweep in their vengeance away
The usurpers who dared but to hold them a day!

They rage, and they riot! O who may withstand,
But our God who hath made both the sea and the land!
O mercy, Jehovah! Have mercy, and spare!
Even thus for our foes do we offer our prayer!
Have mercy! have mercy! O merciful Lord!
If thou but a little brief time wouldst afford,
They yet might repent them! O spare them awhile!
O pity their children who play by the Nile!
And their wives, and their parents!
Omnipotent God!
How stern is thy justice! how dreadful thy rod!

Norristown, Pa., May, 1845.

CHRISTIAN ARCHITECTURE.

BY T. E. GIRAUD.

PRESENTING these lines to the reader my object has been to insist on the leading principles of the Christian Architecture of the middle ages, and on some facts which are connected with it. In so doing I may perhaps tread an already beaten path, but where principles so simple, and so little known and attended to are concerned, it can not be amiss to repeat them.

It has been said that the pointed style has no right to claim the title of Christian to the exclusion of all the others which have been used for Christian churches. This assertion is easily answered. The pointed style has received the name of "Christian" in the same way that the pagan orders received theirs, from its origin. We evidently could not honor with the name of Christian those styles which originated in, and were used for the rites of paganism. It is true that, according to some, several forms, ornaments, and details of the pointed style are not original, but were borrowed either from the Saracenic, or from the *Romance* architecture.* But these were modelled and arranged by the artists of the twelfth and succeeding centuries, and modified to express their ideas.

* The Romance style, a corruption of the Roman architecture, called sometimes *Romanesque*, much used from the sixth to the eleventh, and even in some cases to the twelfth century. It is severe and imposing in its appearance, but generally heavy, and lacks the graceful character of the pointed style.

Britton, in treating this subject, remarks: "The origin and the progressive growth of the pointed style during nearly four centuries, its fanciful varieties and endless combinations, the latitude it gave to genius, and the numerous beauties of art and science which it has bequeathed to us, are so many claims on our curiosity and admiration. Whether it germinated in the east, in Italy, in France, Normandy, Germany or Britain, is a point not likely to be easily settled; nor is it worthy of jealous or envious contention. It more behooves the historian of art to ascertain where and when it was systematized, by whom and in what building the pointed style was employed throughout all the parts and members of the edifice." Where and when? history answers: in the twefth, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; in England, France, Germany, Spain, and even Italy, as we shall soon see: or, in other words, the pointed style was first systematized and used in the ages of Catholic faith, and in Catholic countries. We have still more direct testimony in favor of this assertion. K. H. Digby, after speaking of the churches of the early Christians, adds: "But the Christian church could not long exert her influence without producing that civilization which developed itself in the arts, as well as in learning and manners: and, accordingly, the rise of a new and most beautiful architecture followed soon after the re-establishment of society under the northern tribes." We see,

then, that this architecture owes its origin not only to Christian men, but to the church itself, which is here said to have produced it.*

It is also objected sometimes that the Gothic style was not used in Rome, the capital of the Christian world. Many reasons can be adduced for its not being so generally adopted there. Constantine, immediately after his conversion, appropriated to the use of the Christian religion some of the Roman basilicæ.† As the faith progressed, additional edifices became necessary, and the basilicæ already used were considered patterns; for man will not willingly lay aside a model for the sake of originality, and the Romans, having guides already before them, were not obliged, as their more northern brethren, to summon to their aid the inspiring influence of their faith, in order to create a style better adapted to its practice. Here it may be observed that the classic artists seem to have felt the insufficiency of the pagan forms, for we find many of their churches perfectly similar in plan to those of the Christian school. St. Peter's, at Rome, St. Paul's, of London, and many others, are cruciform, a plan evidently copied from the churches of the northern nations: for the Northmen were the first to adopt it generally. Many of the English and French cathedrals founded in the tenth and eleventh centuries, the abbatial church of St. Germain des Pres, in Paris, built about the year 350 by Childebert, and rebuilt as it now stands, in 990, by the abbot Morard; those of *l'Abbaye aux hommes* and *l'Abbaye aux dames*, in Caen, founded in 1070 by William and Matilda; the parochial church of St. Cassius and St. Florentius, at Bonn, in Germany, founded in the tenth century, and many others have the same form, whereas the churches before referred to are of a much later date.

Besides, the long residence of the popes at Avignon, the turbulence of the Roman nobility, whose private feuds often embroiled the state; in short, the whole history of Rome suggests reasons for her having retained her old architectural forms, while the rest of Italy and all Europe adopted a style which, by the unity of its spirit, stamped all their buildings with the character of one and the same faith: and, however destructive of ancient art the classic mania may have proved in Italy, the fountain-head of the revival, enough still remains to prove that this assertion is not unfounded. The cathedrals of Milan, Pisa, Sienna, and Naples; the churches of Assizium (some of which are exquisite specimens); the Carthusian church of Pavia; that of St. Petronio in Bologna, and a great number of other edifices, secular as well as religious, fully show that Italy was keeping pace with the rest of Europe. Moreover, we find that "the ciboriums or canopies of the basilicas, were all in the pointed style." If we go still further, we find that those church ornaments which were used in the old basilica of St. Peter's, a few of which are yet preserved in the collection of the Vatican, are exactly similar in form and design to those used in the English cathedrals of the same period,* and also that, in Rome, there "are tombs of popes exquisitely beautiful, and corresponding in style and execution to our finest monument of the period of Edward III."†

We now pass to the consideration of the rules of art which the buildings of the middle ages teach us. They may be reduced to three architectural principles. 1. Before the design is made, the artist should take into consideration the object to be attained, the wants of the people, their resources, and the climate of the country. 2. In designing, no feature should ever be introduced which is not necessary in the construction, or for the sake of convenience and propriety. 3. Ornaments, if required, should not be distinct matters; but consist of the enrichment of the necessary parts in the construction. Mr. Pugin adds another principle, which is, however, but the corollary of the preceding ones. In pure architecture, the smallest detail should have a meaning, or serve a purpose; and even the construction itself should vary with the material employed, and the designs should be adapted to the material with which they are executed.

Simple as these principles may appear, it is easy, very easy, to fail in producing a Christian building, worthy of the middle ages, as many a "*Gothic*" monument of modern days unfortunately proves. And why is this? We

* The author of "Genie du Christianisme" supposes the Christian architects to have drawn their inspiration from the forest. See his chapter on Gothic churches, "Des Eglises Gothiques."

† Basilica means a royal palace; Vitruvius uses it in the sense of court of justice. The Italians have retained that name for their churches; and we very seldom find the word "chiesa" used.

* A. W. Pugin. † Ibid.

will answer this question by giving another reason for the success of the old Christian artists; they were thoroughly imbued with the spirit of their faith; they knew its ceremonies perfectly; they imparted to their structure that sublime humility which was the ornament of their own lives, and sought not fame by displaying what they could do, but merit, in rendering the tabernacle of God with men as worthy of its august purpose as circumstances would allow.

Many a noble building yet stands commanding the admiration of modern times, whose architect, often an obscure monk, has left his name unrecorded and utterly unknown, and so far were these men from relying on their own talents, that they implored the light and aid of heaven, by having the holy sacrifice of the altar offered up for that purpose.

"Indeed," says Digby, "it would not be easy to find any thing more expressive of humility than the buildings of the middle ages. With all their grandeur and beauty, they are always modest, and never disposed to show themselves off to advantage. They disdain nothing useful for the sake of appearances; they have no false surface to conceal weakness and deformity; they are grand without an effort; and always willing to condescend to the wants and consolations of the poor."

Here, in a few words, the author of the "Ages of Faith" shows the advantages derived from the application of the above mentioned principles. We behold in them that truth and simplicity which display even the smallest details of a building as they are, and which have made the flying buttress one of the most graceful features in the exterior edifice. Such surely were not the principles of art which caused Sir Christopher Wren to erect that immense stone screen around St. Paul's, of London, that he might conceal *his* flying buttresses, which classic taste did not sanction. He and others have been obliged to use the flying buttress, and afterwards conceal it; yet these men have called the airy arches of the Gothic cathedral "mere bungling contrivances."* The principles, also, which we defend, dispense with that perfect symmetry which in the pagan styles fatigues the eye without surprising it, whilst the picturesque and *necessary* irregularity of the Christian building pleases and relieves without shocking it. Not that this irregularity was courted: for we find in each part of the whole a due regard for symmetry and unity of design: but the plan of the structure was regulated by the ceremonies and other circumstances, without regard to the (in pagan art) indispensable system of counterparts. The science and taste displayed in these buildings are truly surprising, I had nearly said unrivalled. Many of the writings of those days show a higher degree of perfection in science applied to art, than modern times would willingly credit.

"Thus," says Digby, "Vincent of Beauvais, who clearly had a knowledge of perspective, and of its application in the representation of objects, coming to treat upon the parts of architecture, shows *what* attention is due to symmetry, and proportion, and harmony of members, to disposition, and collocation and elegance of composition, to invention, and tempering of parts with regard to the effect of the whole, that the edifice may have solidity, usefulness and beauty, and," he says, "that to an architect both nature, and learning and practice are essential."

Such were the principles which produced those immense creations, the cathedrals, which a modern French writer has called vast symphonies of stone. And how were these churches erected? Neither by extortion nor forced labor. The good people of those days made voluntary contributions in money and materials. Those who could help in the work, would set aside a day once a week or once a month for that sacred purpose. Those who could not do this, would furnish cattle and provisions for the workmen, or furnish a part of the materials. Sometimes these buildings were the fulfilment of vows made in time of danger; sometimes the expression of their deep repentance for their past crimes; at others the pious offering of some Christian soul to obtain for others the graces they themselves enjoyed. All were anxious to participate in a work which, they knew, always entails a blessing. They felt the honor of the divine presence among them, and strove to make the dwelling of the Most High as perfect as human weakness and inability would allow. All others were with them minor considerations, and their faith could not suffer their private mansions to surpass in beauty and grandeur the temples of God. They reasoned

* Vide *Pugin's Principles* for a more ample explanation of this subject.

not, as our modern philosophers, on the uselessness of any thing but four walls and a roof for the performance of religious rites. They also felt that they could not make it worthy of the tremendous sacrifice; but they sought to come as near to perfection as they could. Thus is it we find them continually engaged in building and improving the sacred edifice. The records of any of the old cathedrals will prove this. We will select, for our purpose, the York minster, one of the most beautiful specimens of the English cathedral style, and we will give a brief account of its erection and history down to the schism of England.

The old cathedral, founded by King Edwin in 629, was at three different times destroyed and rebuilt, in 741, 1069, and 1137. In 1171 Roger de Bishopbridge, archbishop of York, erected the choir or chancel, where the present one now stands. In 1227 Archbishop Walter de Grey began the southern transept. In 1260 John le Romayne, treasurer of the cathedral, erected the northern transept, and the tower at the meeting of the nave and transepts. In 1291, April 7th, his son, who bore the same name, and became archbishop of York, laid the first stone of the nave. In 1330, Archbishop William de Melton completed the nave and two western towers. In 1370, the central tower, built by John le Romayne, was taken down, and the present lantern commenced. In 1375, Archbishop John of Thoresby, took down the chancel built by his predecessor Roger, to rebuild it in a style of greater magnificence, and more in keeping with the later portions of the building. The whole edifice, as it now stands, was probably completed in 1410 or 1412. The eastern window is a stupendous work, the dimensions of it being 75 feet in height and 32 in width, and containing upwards of 200 compartments of stained glass: it is the work of John of Coventry, who agreed to complete it in three years.

Such is the history of nearly all the other large churches of the middle ages; they were often begun without the knowledge of the time that would elapse before their completion; many a noble pile has been commenced when the funds in hand would pay for nothing more than the foundation. But they relied on Providence, and their trust was never in vain. Among the numerous instances of this kind mentioned in the "Ages of Faith," we find the following: "After the destruction of the abbey church of St. Tron, when the Abbot Rodulphus was almost in doubt of being able to rebuild it, from his desolation and poverty, God inspired a certain matron of our town, by name Ruzela," says the chronicler, "who at her own expense began to build, and completed one pillar. A certain bailiff of the place followed her example, and finished another; and after them our townspeople, at their own expense, began four pillars, and left two of them imperfect. The abbot, perceiving what was the will of God, girded himself to the work, and in a short time both walls of the nave were raised to the proper height."

The ardor of the people was truly surprising. In fact, such was the zeal of some of the pious founders, that they would often take an active part in the labor. Thus Matthew Paris, the English Benedictine monk of St. Alban's, who flourished in the thirteenth century, tells us, in speaking of the erection of Lincoln cathedral, that Hugh de Grenoble, the sainted successor of St. Remigius, was wont to carry stones and mortar on his own shoulders for the use of the masons. In 1616, Cardinal de Berulle, founder of the Oratorians, when building his church, used frequently to carry the hod like a common hand. Such instances are far from being rare. Nor was it the case only among the religious; the laity displayed a similar spirit. "Godfrey, the bearded duke of Lower Lorraine, in his war against the emperor, Henry III, had burnt the greater church of St. Mary at Verdun, when that city fell a prey to his arms. Full of repentance for this sacrilege, he caused it to be rebuilt, and took for his penance the labor of frequently working at it with his own hands, carrying the mortar like the meanest workman; this was in the year 1046, as Lambertinus Schaffnaburgensis relates."* Giotto built with his own hands the beautiful tower of variegated marble in the cathedral of Florence: and even in our own days, the great Canova built in his native village of Possagno a chapel of white marble, and placed it under the invocation of our Blessed Lady. It is said that, though he was at the time far advanced in years, his funds being exhausted, he returned to the practice of his art, so as to obtain the means of completing it.†

That the pointed style is admirably suited for

* Ages of Faith. † Ibid.

religious edifices, is plain, from the superior advantages it possesses, and from the practice of those ages when faith was more lively, and the greatest attention was paid to the ceremonies. It has been asserted, again and again, that it is a costly style. This we positively deny to be the case, if the style be skilfully and judiciously applied; for it bends to the means, allows enrichment to be postponed to solidity, and always prefers plain simple truth to magnificent, but perishable work. To conclude, we think it undeniable that the pointed architecture is better suited to the faith which created it, than those orders which originated in a religious system of a totally opposite character.

We can not, in this country, form a correct idea of the pointed style, for we do not know it. Even admitting that there does not exist here that classic infatuation which prevails elsewhere to such an extent, the monstrous erections which we frequently see, and which, "*Gothic*" not merely in name, are calculated rather to disgust than to prepossess. Catholic art, however, does not acknowledge such efforts to be her productions.*

It is to be hoped, then, that the unjust prejudices entertained by so many against a style of architecture which they condemn without knowing it, will soon give way, as they must infallibly, at some time, give way before the advantages and beauties which the Catholic style, whether the early pointed or most florid Tudor, combines. We should not, however, be disheartened if we can not rival the cathedrals of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Such piles were not raised in a day o a year: they were the work of centuries. Let us make a beginning, introducing first the severe, early-pointed style, and then we may hope that we shall have bequeathed to posterity the spirit which will rival a York or a Milan, by inciting to the greatest perfection practicable in building the temples of the Omnipotent. Then each new failure will arouse new energies, and call up new efforts; and though the limit be unattainable, it may be neared as much as it ever was in those unrivalled ages, termed by the bigot "*the age of darkness,*" but by the scholar, "the age of *light and of faith.*"

* We think that Trinity church in New York, with the exception of the chancel, and St. Alphonso's in Baltimore, may be ranked among those buildings of which Catholic art could justly boast. The remark of the writer, however, is certainly applicable to all those pretensions to Gothic style that are so frequently witnessed in our day.—Ed.

THE STUDENT OF BLENHEIM FOREST,

OR THE TRIALS OF A CONVERT.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

Continued from p. 585.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Letter from Blenheim Forest—From a relative of Mrs. Clavering to Mrs. Botelar.

Blenheim Forest, Feb. 26th, 18—.

UNDER ordinary circumstances, dear and respected madam, I would apologize for addressing one who is personally so entire a stranger to me as yourself, but grief and anxiety, you know, are great destroyers of etiquette, and to their influence conventional forms are frequently obliged to yield. Two weeks ago I received from my friend and relative, Mrs. Clavering, a letter, announcing to me the sudden and dangerous illness of the colonel, and informing me at the same time of its indirect cause, and all the subsequent events springing from that cause, which have converted this once happy and hospitable mansion into a house of mourning and loneliness. As early as I could make arrangements to do so, I left home, and travelled day and night, until I reached Blenheim Forest, when I received from my afflicted friend a sad, though grateful welcome. A crisis had taken place in the colonel's disease the day before, and his phy-

sician pronounced him to be now comparatively out of danger, though every thing is to be apprehended from the painful recurrence of his thoughts to his absent son; thoughts to which his proud and unbending nature will never give utterance, and consequently no one dares offer sympathy to one who so sternly and haughtily forbids it. I have frequently observed, madam, that when a proud man is mentally wounded, the overtaxed and tensely wound-up feelings which obey silently and cruelly the destroying mandate of concealed grief, seem to absorb and overbalance all the gifts of fortune and happiness of a past life, and finally corrode and break down the strongest nerves of existence; when a few words of human sympathy spoken, a few acts of consolation meekly received, might, it is true, cover his proud forehead for a moment with dust and tears, and cower the mighty energy of manhood for a season; but if he bows thus lowly down, and avoids the whirlwind which follows wildly in the train of sorrow and death, and crushes the principle of life, does he not act with more rational wisdom? The ancients, on whom the light of revelation had not yet dawned, deified life by acts of human sacrifice, and Spartan immolation, but now, when life and death have been both sanctified by the new law of love, it is only the fruits of a broken and contrite heart—which suffers with generous submission the pangs inflicted on it—that man should presume to offer his Creator. But excuse me, respected madam, I am so accustomed to write familiarly to my friends, and express freely the thoughts which present themselves, that before I proceed further, I must commend myself to your kind and benevolent heart, to make all due allowances for that which might seem either too pedantic or familiar in my letter. Colonel Clavering has never breathed his son's name since the day he so cruelly exiled him from his house, nor will he allow any one to mention it, or allude, in the slightest manner, to any thing connected with his affairs; consequently, he is ignorant of his present residence in Baltimore, and also of his ill health. To Mrs. Clavering he is kind in his manner, and, as ever, polite; but it is evident that all confidence between them is destroyed; he looks on her as the origin of all his disappointed projects, but we who are intimately acquainted with the affair, know how innocent she is of this charge, for, until the revelation of the change in the religious sentiments of her son, her most confidential friends, myself among the number, were under the impression that she had long ago forsaken the tenets of the Catholic religion, and become, at least in intention, one of us. But, madam, there is a change, a great change in this afflicted lady, and although I am a Protestant, and hoping to die as I have lived, a child of the reformed church of Christ, I can not but admire the firm and unwavering manner with which my friend silently, though perseveringly, practises the duties of her peculiar creed. Her example was always amiable and good; it is now transcendently so, and it really appears that the inclinations of duty and religion, which had so long forsaken her, or lain dormant, have returned with ten-fold vigor, sanctified by new graces, and strengthened entirely by that Holy Spirit which our Saviour promised his followers, to fortify and preserve them against temptation and danger. She frequently converses with me on the subject which has given her so much pain, and though I can see, from the very throbbings of her heart, that it is almost bursting with agony, and from her tears, which flow in bitter streams, that she is literally fainting under the burden of her trials, yet I must confess that such patience, resignation, and entire submission to the will of the Lord, I have never before witnessed. In the extremest emotions of her anguish, I have only heard such expressions as these: *"It is well! it is all just! I will not even ask that this chalice,"* as she calls it, *"may pass from me; I only beg grace from on high, for patience and submission, that without a murmur I may drink it to its dregs. I deserve it all, my friend; all, and much more."* There is something so heroic and dignified in her resignation, that I am amazed and silent! And yet, dear madam, from the tenor of your last two letters, she fears that her worst anticipations, relative to the health of her son, are on the eve of being realized; you say he is feeble, that he coughs; indeed there is an indefinable something in your expressions which causes us to fear that the disease with which he has been so long threatened is now developing itself. His mother can not write; she has been, and is still in such close attendance on the colonel, and requested me to write confi-

dentially to you, dear madam, and inquire into all the particulars of her son's case, hoping that you will, as early as you can conveniently do so, write a detailed account of his health, and, at all events, let her understand the worst.

. . . . *Thursday.*—Yesterday Col. Clavering was much better, dear madam, and to-day spent an hour or two in the room adjoining his chamber. . . . . .

Friday night.—You must excuse my detached manner of writing; I thought, madam, I would defer mailing my letter until a decided improvement had taken place in the colonel's health, which we had every reason to hope for until last night. The reasons I will explain to you.

There is an apartment in which Louis had always slept from his boyhood, and which forms one of the suite of rooms occupied by Col. and Mrs. Clavering. There stood every thing, books, writing, drawing implements, and a half finished picture, just as he had left them, while over the mantel hangs a portrait of himself, painted when he was just nineteen, by an eminent artist, under the colonel's direction. This picture commemorates a noble and generous action in the boy's life. He is represented in the act of drawing the skiff of a poor fisherman from the stormy waves to the shore. He had saved the man's life by almost superhuman exertions, at the risk of his own, and given him in charge of his alarmed servant, while he returned to save the tempest-tossed boat, which was the poor creature's only property, from being wrecked against the rocks which line and jut out along this part of the shore. Madam, you should see this picture! The face, which is a perfect resemblance, beams out, pale, and almost inspired, from the gloom of the stormy background, while a single ray of light, from a rifted cloud, streams down upon his uplifted forehead, and falling aslant his shoulder, lends to the long, waving hair, which the wind has lifted and dashed in bright masses around his face and bared throat, a hue of spiritual and marvellous beauty. Do not the angels of God's love descend with us into the deep waters of life's fretted and stormy sea, and when they would fain, in their greedy wrath, engulf us, do not these ministering spirits, with faces uplift to heaven, implore mercy on our struggling souls, and gently lead us where storms come not? Of this tranquil assurance, this sweet hope, the picture always reminded me. It was a fancy of the colonel's to have this picture placed where his son could see it most frequently, and with a secret triumph, and delighted pride beaming in his eyes, he would often point to it and say, "Boy, never be guilty of an action that could sully that deed! I will disown you if all the circumstances of your life do not accord with this youthful, though philanthropic heroism." Into this apartment Mrs. Clavering had requested me to go for the purpose of hanging a veil over the picture, for fear the colonel might, during his convalescence, grow tired of his prescribed walks, and, in an absent or abstracted mood, inadvertently enter and see it. We dreaded the worst consequences from such an occurrence, for not only had he heretofore avoided the room, but had always descended to the lower part of the house by a private staircase which led to the grounds on the east side of the mansion, to prevent himself from passing the door. I laid the veil on a chair, and looked at the angelic face of the dear boy, madam, until tears dimmed my eyes, and I turned away, and approaching the window, was so struck by the sympathy between the sad aspect without, and my own emotions, that I involuntarily seated myself in the deep embrasure, and as the heavy chintz curtains fell again in their places, and entirely concealed me from the view of any one who might enter the room, I resigned myself to melancholy thought. Ah! how dreary was that wintry twilight, how chilly came the winds eddying up from the dark turbulent river, and how fitfully the dead leaves whirled, in fantastic circles, among the withered branches, and over the frozen earth! Where were those joyous in-door scenes which once caused the visiters of Blenheim Forest to forget the ungenial winter, with its images of decay and death; the blazing hearth, surrounded by happy faces, alas! like the hearts around me, it was only covered with the ashes of its former cheerful fires; the low, sweet strains of music were no more heard; the thrilling story and eloquent conversation were hushed, it seemed, for ever. Ah! I was aroused from my reverie by a deep sigh, and in an instant, from some instinctive foreboding, knew Col. Clavering must be in the room. Yes! there he stood, leaning on

his stick, trembling and agitated, before the portrait of his exiled son, his idol, which had been so suddenly dashed down from the throne of his proud heart. Escape was impossible, and to have discovered myself would have been both painful and awkward; so, breathing as softly as possible, I determined to remain perfectly quiet, and await the result.

Dear madam, *may I ever, hereafter, be spared the agony of seeing a proud man weep!* He clasped his hands while he gazed upwards on that tranquil and angelic countenance, and big, heavy tears, rolled in torrents over his face.

"Is it a dream?" he at last gasped out, "can it be! Oh boy! generous! noble! pure! brave and beautiful! you who would not have harmed the meanest reptile that crawls, how, oh! how is it that you have so wounded the heart that, above all others, confided in your honor and truth; your father's heart!" *He wept.* "I will think him dead," he again whispered; "I will think that these pangs, which are 'sharper than a serpent's tooth,' are but the natural grief parents feel on losing a beloved child——ah! I can not! I can not, weak, nerveless old man that I am. Rather would I have seen him a traitor to his country than his God, but hist—the soldier's faith is honor to his country—yes!—but—my strength seems failing—my pride! where are they?—gone? I can not understand or comprehend, Louis, how this—ah!"——— he groaned, and, leaning his head on his stick, uttered the profoundest sighs, such only as men can utter when an extremity of grief crushes every germ of happiness within them. A quarter of an hour must have elapsed, during which time he did not alter his position, and the periodical fever incident to his disease, accelerated and aided by the already excited state of his mind, had confused his thoughts, and crept, with its ideal visions, so softly and sweetly through the cells of his brain, that it was filled with placid images and delightful memories of long ago. "Aha, boy!" he said, rising and smiling, as of old, "that is a most capital likeness—excellent, and well painted too! That was a noble deed, Louis: never, for God's sake, boy, be guilty of an action that would be unworthy of fellowship with it. Good night!—what! no answer!—ah, well, he sleeps—he is fatigued—how softly he breathes! God bless thee, child; your dreams will be sweet, after having so bravely saved a fellow-being's life!" He was leaving the room, but turned suddenly and looked around him, then pressed his forehead, and said: "How is this, where am I?—O yes, Louis' room; good night, my beloved child, good night!"

I trembled and wept so, my dear madam, that I could scarcely leave my hiding-place, and only got out in time to see the servants hurrying to and fro, in great alarm, all anxious to do something for the relief of their master, who had fainted, and fallen senseless in the corridor.

Saturday.—The colonel was ill all night, and this morning is much exhausted. Mrs. Clavering requests me to present her warmest and most heartfelt acknowledgments for the kindness which you have heretofore extended to her son, meanwhile begs an answer to this as early as you can conveniently write.

Respectfully and truly yours,

A. H. M.

Mrs. Botelar received the foregoing letter, but, with a want of fortitude which was not at all characteristic of her, could not decide in what manner to answer it. She shrunk from being the harbinger of such tidings as a communication from her would convey, and her imagination, with graphic pencil, painted but too vividly the scene of gloom and tears that its contents would add to the already afflicted circle at Blenheim Forest. Clavering was slowly declining, nor could the skill of his good physician, or the earnest and kind attendance of warm-hearted friends, stay his course to the silent grave. Mr. Beverly was with him constantly, and it was a tender and touching sight to witness the indescribable affection which he displayed in every act towards his dying friend. He who had heretofore been so erratic in his movements, that he could never rest longer than a few weeks at a time in any spot, no matter how many natural beauties or human endearments it presented to his mind—whose whole happiness seemed to have consisted in variety and novelty—who had raised his standard or beau-ideal of the qualities of a friend so near heaven that no man had ever, until now, been honored with his friendship, sat patiently, day after day, and watched silently, night after night, by the couch of the suffering man whom he had learned to love dearer than a brother. To read to him

when he was awake, or converse with him in a low tone when he was weary of books, to sit beside him while he dosed, with his finger on his pulse, or bear him in his arms, like a very child, to his bed, when he was faint, to steep his forehead in balsamic draughts when the fever glow was on it, to arrange the pillows of the patient sufferer, or modify the light of the sick room to suit his failing eyes, were some of the few offices which were faithfully performed by him; indeed, no mother could have soothed or cheered the last life scenes of a beloved child, with more tender care or anxious solicitude, than those which the generous and eccentric Beverly extended towards him.

Mrs. Botelar had left the invalid's room for the purpose of answering the letter from Blenheim forest; and Mr. Beverly, who had been conversing in his usual quiet and cheerful tone, suddenly ceased speaking, and appeared lost, for several minutes, in profound revery, the subject of which seemed to afford him the most delightful emotions, his eyes lit up with a cheerful expression, and a glow of sanguine pleasure, imparted a most pleasing aspect to his countenance; he approached the invalid, and, taking his hand, exclaimed, "We will go, Clavering!"

"Where, my friend?"

"To Italy—Italy, Clavering!—to that classic land where, in communion with the lingering spirits of sages and poets, your existence will receive the impetus which it so much requires; your mind will be again stimulated; your exhausted faculties will be renewed and invigorated, and, above the ruins of the mighty past, like those blossoms which grow above graves, and derive new life from the ashes of the dead, your mind will become so profoundly filled with the thoughts of buried ages, and so transfused with the histories and legends, not only of the seven hilled city, but of all Italy, that the current of disease must, and will be checked, and in that genial atmosphere you will breathe nothing but life, sweet life, Clavering; say, will you go?"

"Impossible! kindest of friends, impossible!"

"Not so—it is not impossible," said Mr. Beverly in a low, vehement voice. "The weather grows mild; you are no worse, your physician does not say your case is *hopeless;* there is nothing to prevent it. I, of course, will go with you. I have been once, and shall only feel as if I were again going to the home of my heart, to an Eden, which in my boyhood dreams, I learned to love—say, Clavering, do you consent?"

"My friend," said he, holding up his emaciated hands and laying them on Beverly, "ere the time shall elapse which it would take to convey us to that sweet southern clime, these hands will be crossed in peace on my silent breast, and this body, which has experienced from you so much disinterested care, will repose in the bosom of its mother dust."

Mr. Beverly pressed his hands, but he so much dreaded the idea of losing Clavering, that when he made any direct allusion to death, a certain affectionate impatience betrayed itself in his manner. "Clavering," he at last said, "you give up life without a struggle. Why is this? Like the ancients, you contemplate death without terror; but, unlike them, you raise an altar to this ungenial shade, on which all your thoughts rest. This penalty of life will assuredly come; let us not court his presence, for has not our Creator imposed obligations on us whereby we may avoid it for a longer season than you care to dream of."

"Ah, my friend," said Clavering, smiling kindly, "you forget that men of the olden time, although surrounded by the brilliant mysticisms of Epicureanism, and the still more profound mysteries of Metempsechosis, suffered the ills of life, its changes, its woes, and evils; there was always a skeleton among their flowers, and even they hailed death as the friend of the unhappy, and poetically called it the daughter of night and the sister of sleep. But, Beverly, had the hope of eternal rest and untold joys shone on those philosophers of old, think you not they would have regarded it as

'Tranquilla varco,
A pin tranquilla vita?'"

"I still think of Italy, Clavering!" he replied. "In that region, in which I wish you to gather new life, the *name* of death was once an interdicted sound. Its inhabitants had such a horror of it, that they always disguised it by some periphrasis, such as 'discessit e vita;' they never said of their friend, 'he had died, but that he had lived.'* You *live,* Clavering, and that is a great point—so let us waive this gloomy subject, and talk of Italy. Has Rome,

* D'Israeli.

which the Catholic has received as a legacy from the pagan, no charm for you?"

"Many, my friend. Tell me of it?"

"Well, let me arrange it. We will approach Rome from the south. We will linger a few days in sweet Sicily, and our vessel shall glide so gently along the coast of Italy, that the perfumed winds from the shore will ever refresh you. We will count the gem-like islands that enrich the sea, and listen to the music with which the vintage is gathered in, and hear the peasants, with their vintage garlands on their heads, chant strains in soft Italian from the poetry of Ariosto and Tasso. At Naples we will change the sea for short land voyages. You will then be so much stronger, Clavering, that we will visit Pompeii, and enter those dwellings which for so many centuries lay buried in their lava tomb, where near the sill of each door the word *salve* still welcomes, though silently, the stranger, as it did ages ago when the gay and light hearted Pompeiian exchanged with southern warmth and hospitalty the courtesies of social life. And Vesuvius! shall we pass by this mysterious conqueror, who laid low the little city of Palaces? Well, we will see it at night, Clavering, looming up among the clouds with its plume of fiery vapors, and you will think of Ossian's heroes as its banners of living flame throw out their lurid folds to the winds."

"My dear friend," said Clavering, cheered by Mr. Beverly's sanguine and hopeful manner, "I hear of Italy from you, of those scenes which I once hoped to enjoy, and of which you so eloquently speak."

"And you will enjoy them," interrupted Mr. Beverly, who had watched with pleased eyes the impression he gradually made. "We will journey up from Naples to Terracino, near which are memorials fraught with rich associations for both poet and historian. Again we will rest, and when evening falls, and the air is melodious with the sound of Ave Maria floating from steeple and tower, we will slowly ascend the mountain that overshadows the town, and beneath the shade of orange and lemon trees which embalm the winds with luscious sweetness, we will repose and look down on the tranquil plains covered with the aloe tree and broad-leafed cactus with their brilliant and many-hued flowers, which here flourish in uncultivated profusion; we will see the bright eyed children at play among flowers; we will press those perfumed stars of earth beneath our feet—for those little creatures, with instinctive poetry and an innate desire to please the strangers, will throw garlands in our pathway; we will look out on the tranquil sea, and while the sunset gems it with light, count the fishermen's skiffs, which, instead of bearing pennons of gay colored stuffs at their mast heads, are festooned with garlands, and their merchandise of fish, fruits, and vegetables concealed by leaves and blossoms. We will luxuriate on these poetical sights and sounds preparatory to approaching the Pontine marshes, whose pestilential fens, although they are ever sending upwards exhalations of death, are so fertile that the productions peculiar to them are verdant beyond description. These safely passed, we will journey on slowly near the lake of Nemi, and indulge in a few classical reminiscences in the sacred wood which surrounds it; cross the Campagna d'Albano, and then, Clavering, Rome—Rome, with its cupaloes, its spires, its obelisks, all gleaming with sunshine, and pointing heaven-ward."

"I had once hoped to see it all," repeated Clavering.

"We will avoid the Corso; it has too much of modern life about it. We will establish ourselves at my old lodgings in ancient Rome, from the upper windows of which we can see the Tiber, the capitol, and catch a glimpse of one or two important ruins. After resting a few days, we will explore the sublime wonders of St. Peter's, we will linger there hour after hour tracing the grand designs and effects of its mosaics, and feel awe-stricken in the presence of its exquisitely modelled antique marbles, its magnificent paintings, and rich shrines. We will devote these hours, Clavering, to silence and study. One should never speak beneath that exalted dome, the very sound of a whisper dying away in immensity, brings home too humbling a sense of insignificance to the creature in the presence of his God. *There* the physical organs of speech should be still, and let the soul expand, and hold converse with the sublime present and the solemn past. But my friend you are fatigued?"

"Far from it, I am refreshed; you inspire me with a wish to hear much more of that spot where the blood-stained genius of antiquity lies low and silent beneath the altars o

religion." There was a kindling light in Clavering's eye, and an upspringing of life, an appearance of vigor, which should have deterred Mr. Beverly, who saw only in this excitement a newly opened fount of health, and he continued: "The Pantheon will interest you. It is the best preserved ruin in Rome, and seems as if determined to outlive time for ever for the purpose of commemorating the gratitude of Agrippa, and the humility of Augustus, who refused the dedication of it to himself as too great an honor, and consecrated it to all the gods of Olympus. Its Christian name, if I remember aright, is St. Mary of the Rotunda. In the church of St. John Lateran, where a number of councils have been held, we will see innumerable columns of rich marble, some of which belonged to the tomb of Adrian, and others to the capitol; and near it the obelisk brought from the heart of Egypt, which a barbarian king so respected, that he stopped the conflagration of a city in its honor, and legends tell us that for its sake a king pledged the life of his only son.* Its hieroglyphics defy now, as ever, the learning or wisdom of sages—they keep their own secret bravely, and perhaps conceal under their impenetrable characters annals of the most ancient people of antiquity. Genius is a creative inspiration; it is the gift of God, and proceeds alone from him—the pagan received it from his hands, although he knew it not; their successors toiled for fame, and derided the followers of the new faith, and scourged and put them to death as traitors to their deities, and it is well that thus after the lapse of ages these trophies should be brought and laid at the feet of the Christian's creed. Here, meekly standing, are pillars, urns, and columns, which once with proud magnificence decorated some temple where the voice of oracles was heard, or the virgins of Vesta kept vigils before their sacred fires, or perhaps dying gladiators or mangled Christians have leaned against them until the dire conflict between life and death should be done. Oh, Clavering, I have stood beside those works of antiquity with every life pulse throbbing with eagerness, and almost prayed that some supernal power like that which fables say animated the statue of Memnon, would breathe softly on them, that they might utter solemn revelations of the past. The church of St. Paul's presents nothing in its exterior to please the eye, it looks like an immense barn, but within it is enriched by eighty pillars of such exquisite material and proportions, that they are supposed to have been brought from an Athenian temple."

"Beverly," said Clavering, "is it not a little singular that, surrounded by every thing which should have persuaded the instinctively noble and tender emotions of your soul to converge to one point of faith, you remained so vacilating and indifferent about the religion of Rome?"

"Perhaps so," answered Mr. Beverly, smiling; "but you know I have queer *penchants* at times, and one seized me very suddenly in Rome. At the extremity of Mount Palatinus is an arch celebrating Titus' conquest of Jerusalem. It is said to be a remarkable fact that no Jew ever passes beneath it, and the little pathway which they always take to avoid it, was pointed out to me. Clavering, it touched me deeply! that this people, who rank no longer among the nations of the earth, should, from the depths of their degradation, so proudly remember their ancient glories, and at this remote day refuse submission to the conquerer who caused the final and dire overthrow of their queen-like city, and the dispersion of their fathers. Since then I have honored these descendants of kings and high priests, whether covered with rags or wrapped in furs; I revere them as the first chosen of God, and his best beloved, who are still surrounded by his protecting hand, which will, as of old, guide them safely beyond the desert of their woes."

"He loves them," said Clavering gently, "as a father loves the prodigal whose excesses have banished him from the glory of his house. With them Almighty God will make an equal balance of justice, and when the penalties of their unbelief, its degradation, and multiplied afflictions fill up the measure, the prodigal will be permitted to return. He whom they madly rejected, the meek and lowly Jesus, will then appear unto them, not as a 'pillar of cloud,' but their true Messiah, and that proud Jerusalem which he loved as a mother loves her first born, will raise her forehead from the dust, while blood-stained Golgotha, radiant and serene, smiles in forgiveness on the wanderers. Then, Beverly, the earth which has so long been shaken by the tribulations of war, pestilence, and famine, will know peace. Ought

* De Stael.

we not to weep, and pray that Almighty God may shorten the time of their exile?"

Mr. Beverly regarded Clavering with an indescribable expression of countenance, in which hope and dread were so blended, that it was difficult to tell which predominated. He had not seen as much consciousness of life about him for weeks, and kenw not whether the reaction might be beneficial or injurious to him, but fearing that he might discern his fears and share their contagion, he answered Clavering's enthusiastic expressions by a remark so peculiarly characteristic of his original temperament, that his friend could not forbear a smile.

"Had I lived," said he, "in the days of Christ, when he and his followers were despised, scourged, and put to death, I should, without doubt, have bidden all the formula of the Mosaic law a decided adieu, and shared the hardships of that little band with heroic joy, and thrown defiance at those who persecuted them. I should have been a most outrageous Christian; but as it is, Clavering, that little circumstance almost made a Jew of me. And now, to show you what an impulsive fellow I am, when I visited the Coliseum, the terrific past, with its unholy pageants therein acted, was so plainly before me, that I became quite Christianized again. I was alone by moonlight in the *Coliseum*,—just imagine it, Clavering; ah, then it was on this earth where mortals had yielded up their life blood for the sake of Him who died for us, that I felt most distinctly the divine inspirations of that faith for which they suffered. I kissed the dust thus sanctified, but selected no particular spot, for where their blood had not penetrated the earth, their forms, dragged from side to side of the arena struggling with hungry lions or goaded tigers, had touched it, their footsteps had marked it, and I could fancy no inch of ground which had not thus been made holy. Such things may be effaced, but not worn out."

"Beverly," said Clavering, "my friend, we will talk no more of Italy; methinks it has awakened within me vain regrets, and still vainer hopes. How I should have felt beside you amidst that mighty ruin, lit up by the peaceful light of a radiant moon, and rendered more sacred by the silence of night, let these trembling hands and this throbbing heart attest; they but pulsate with my wishes—they urge me to cling to life. *This must not be*—yet be not wounded, my best of friends, some other day I will tell you of a fairer clime than Italia's; I will talk with you of its imperishable glories, of its golden fields, and everlasting hills of light. There, Beverly, time wears not out—immortality, peace, and eternal youth; in that atmosphere no clouds or tears ——"

He sunk back exhausted on his pillows, and while serene visions of eternal life floated through his soul, and his lips moved silently in humble prayer, he became insensible. That evening, when Father Francis called to see Clavering, he found Mr. Beverly alone in the drawing-room, so gloomy and abstracted, that his heart was immediately filled with the saddest prognostics concerning the fate of his young friend, and as he wrung his hand he could only briefly say: "He is worse."

"He is sir; he is much worse, and I—fool that I was—am the cause."

"My dear sir," said Father Francis, surprised, "your grief lends an ambiguity to your language which I do not understand."

"Perhaps, sir," replied Mr. Beverly, after a short pause, "you have observed that my sentiments, feelings, and opinions are somewhat different from those of the rest of mankind, and being thus singular, it is not surprising that I have never formed a personal and affectionate friendship for any human being. Do not understand me, sir, to mean that I felt indifferent to the weal or wo of my fellow men; so far from this, I regarded them collectively and impartially as brethren; their griefs afflicted me, their joys saddened me, for well I knew that the sure penalty of smiles was in the end bitter tears. But, sir, there was nothing spiritual in my view of life, and although my soul had yearned for a congenial friend during many years of intercourse with the world and its denizens, I found it not; no one among men had ever touched the deeper chords of my heart; no spirit was there to unseal its hidden sympathies, and I had begun to think that the friendship after which I sought was an ignis fatuus that would always evade me, until I met Clavering. Sir, boy as he is in comparison with myself, his pure, trusting, enduring, and brave heart has made me feel that there is at least one on earth with whom my very being could become incorporated. This may seem unnatural, perhaps unmanly; but, believe me, it is true. During his illness,

his decline, I have watched him hourly; sir, I felt that every new symptom of coming death was absorbing some portion of my existence, my anxiety became insupportable. I was unwilling to believe his disease was mortal, and cheated myself into thinking that probably a want of energy had kept the recuperative powers of his system in check, and determined to administer a mental stimulus, and then, if it partially aroused him, I intended bearing him off in triumph to some southern land, and trust to the goodness of God for a happy result."

"Alas!" observed Father Francis, "we shall soon, very soon, have to commend his disembodied spirit to the tender mercies of his Almighty Lord and Father. But how——"

Mr. Beverly leaned his face on his hands, and uttered deep sighs. "Sir," said he at last to Father Francis, "you think me weak, perhaps heathenish; you can not understand how a MAN who has confidence in the wisdom of Almighty God has so little faith, resignation, or humility, or whatever you may call it. I confess, sir, my boasted code of philosophy, my generalizing system is crumbling beneath the strange and all-absorbing interest which I feel in this one being, and I am compelled to acknowledge, from this singular incident in my life, that the soul may be expansive, it may embrace with its eternal instincts all the inhabitants of earth in one bond of heavenly charity, but this principle can not be nomadic; the dove may wander with the olive branch over life's troubled flood; sunshine may rest upon its wings, but they will become weary and faint at last, and unless it enters within the ark which floats serenely beneath the bright arch of the new covenant, its efforts will all be vain, and it must perish."

"True, sir," said Father Francis, looking with much interest at his singular companion; "but know you not where this ark of safety is moored? The flood which engulfed a world bears her upwards but nearer heaven. The Holy Spirit of the eternal God rests like a halo with and about her; her windows are always open to receive those who, weary with tempestuous doctrines which ever ebb and flow and change among men, would fain enter this safe and immutable sanctuary; can you not discern in the ark of the olden time a prototype of the church of Christ?"

"Without difficulty, without difficulty," replied Mr. Beverly, abstractedly, for his thoughts again wandered to his dying friend, and after a few moment's silence he exclaimed: "It was a mad, foolish act, thoughtless beyond expression, sir! I might have eloquently beguiled his thoughts into something like life, without playing so roughly on all the finely strung chords of his sensitive soul. Memories almost forgotten of the Vatican, the castle of St. Angelo, the Forum, the Mamertine prisons, the banks of the Tiber, the Appian way, and the seven ancient hills, with all their authentic historical traditions, would have thronged on my mind. For the moment we might have existed in the past, and, while walking along the shaded paths of Mount Aventinus, communed with the august shades of Pompey, Cæsar, and Cicero on the very spots rendered immortal by being their favorite haunts. But, sir, instead of this, instead of wisely depicting to him the interesting story of Rome's ancient glories, rehearsing her splendid fables, and kindling up the light of poetry on her deserted pagan fanes, I commenced just where I should have stopped. I dwelt with glowing tongue on that epoch where the meeting of paganism and Christianity caused time to pulsate with convulsive throes, and instead of lingering before the mythological agonies of Laocoon and the sublime, although fabled, sorrow of Niobe, I talked of martyrs who suffered for Christ, and led him in imagination to the sacred ground which had drank their blood. It was too much, sir; I defeated by it my own object, and he is now suffering the consequences of my indiscretion."

The servant entered just then, and handing a letter to Mr. Beverly, said: "For Mr. Claing, sir."

"Letter!" said Mr. Beverly, taking it from the salver, and examining the post mark, "from Blenheim Forest!" "I can not give it to him, sir, will you oblige me by doing so?"

"Certainly," replied Father Francis, "and if Louis does not sleep I will go up and see him."

"He inquired for you, sir, a few minutes ago," observed the servant, who had been waiting.

"My dear Mr. Beverly," observed Father Francis gently, "you accuse yourself too bitterly. Your intentions were most pure and friendly; your wishes almost holy, in behalf of

your friend; the consequences unfortunately have not corresponded with those wishes, and yet there is no reason for despondency. It is but one of the many lessons of disappointment which it is necessary that we should practically learn, to convince us that our whole and entire dependence should be placed alone on Almighty God. Life, health, soul, and body, friends and the capabilities of enjoyment proceed alone from Him; they are invaluable loans for which much spiritual interest will be required, and this interest must be paid by submission, meekness, and resignation to his divine will under all circumstances, and a compliance with his divine laws. There are some heaven-born spirits who practise almost intuitively these sacred precepts, but there are others also who require stern lessons to remind them of neglected duties and passing opportunities, and happy for those who, when they are chastised, acknowledge a Father's hand in the events which may have afflicted or disappointed them; happy if through the gloom they can discern the light of his countenance."

"Sir," said Mr. Beverly, raising his head, and looking keenly at Father Francis, "you think me, then, one of those who require stern lessons?"

"I do, sir. Your independent and sanguine nature, which has hitherto depended exclusively on its own prolific resources for happiness and enjoyment, will experience, I fear, some sober and grave changes ere it learns to understand the requisitions of the new spiritual law which our great High Priest—the God-man, our Redeemer and Friend established."

"Sir," said Mr. Beverly, "I admire frankness and truth, but when they are blended with fearlessness and humility in the character of a legate of high heaven, I revere them. You have reproved me, a thing which no other man has ever had the courage to do; you have counselled me during the period of our intercourse in a manner which, while it has exposed to me my own weaknesses of character, has been at once so mild and dignified, that I could only acknowledge its justice without defending myself. Ere long my soul will rest her wearied faculties in that sacred and immutable shelter above which the celestial dove ever watches, that the power of evil may not prevail against it, and where alone change comes not for ever. In the bosom of the Catholic church I expect this undisturbed repose; but, sir, as a candid man, I must say that my mind is now so absorbed by intense anxiety concerning my friend, that I am not free to act in as decided a manner as the importance of the subject demands."

Father Francis sighed, and looking with a gentle and earnest glance at Mr. Beverly, replied: "Think you not, sir, that it would cause Clavering the most unmitigated regrets, if he knew that for his sake you thus trifled with the interests and welfare of your immortal soul? Why not follow his noble example? With far more important considerations than your own to delay this matter, he counted them as nothing when weighed in the balance of his duty to Almighty God, and decidedly, and manfully determined to suffer all things for Christ. I will now go up to this patient sufferer, and learn yet another lesson of meekness and patience from him."

The letter which Clavering received from Blenheim Forest contained a few lines from his mother, which she had hastily written to announce her expectation of being in Baltimore in a few days with the colonel, whose physician had insisted on change of air and scene, and advised him to consult one of the many eminent practitioners of medicine in that city, relative to his case. The idea of beholding those faces which he had never hoped again to see on earth, suffused his almost exhausted system with another upflashing of life, and the struggle between the excited human hopes which still palpitated in his heart, and the entire resignation of his soul to the will of Almighty God, again exhausted him so entirely, that all feared that ere the morning light dawned again on earth his spirit would have left its tenement. Father Francis administered to him the last rights of the church, at which most solemn sacrament all the pious family assisted; and after the mid-watches of the night had tolled, while he lay once more composed and tranquil, he received the most holy viaticum. In this PRESENCE, honored by this divine guest, no turbulent thought durst oppress him; but angels with heaven's own sunlight on their wings brooded in celestial bands around him. Happy for mortals is the principle of faith. Were there no recompense beyond this life, how justly might they complain

and murmur in insupportable sadness; but as it is, there is hope with an eternal fruition to cheer them on. Along the rugged pathway of life, although blood, and tears, and sighs mingle bitterly with every draught of joy, and blossoms wither and fall ere we can gather them into our garner-house of love, the soul, led by faith, patience, and resignation to the termination of her weary pilgrimage, approaches the portals of immortal life, and after being purified from every stain, enters into those regions of rest where the smiles of God shine for ever unclouded on the heavenly scene. In the living waters of that river which flows from the throne, all traces of tears are obliterated, and the spirit, while lingering beside its fountains of light, hears afar off the transporting harmonies of the seraphim as they adore the thrice holy Lord God of Sabbaoth. Words can not tell, neither can the heart of man conceive the ineffable glories of that better land; but with the hope of one day resting there for ever, to cheer us on, who shall dare to shrink from crosses, the patient endurance of which will secure for us such an eternal reward?

CHAPTER XIX.

The sick room.—New incidents.

SUPPORTED by pillows, Clavering reclined in a large chair. His appearance was a perfect incarnation of the poetry of consumption, and, while his eyes flashing with its warm feverish light, and his cheeks glowing with the hues of summer rose, almost cheated one into the belief that the bright dawn of life and not its last sunset was gleaming on him, his high white forehead, from which the dark hair fell luxuriantly back in many a waving mass, wore an expression of the most perfect peace, and a happy smile lent to his countenance a rare and indescribable shade of spiritual beauty. Alice, with a child's pure love of the beautiful, had brought roses and a few rare flowers from her little conservatory, and insisted on Clavering's receiving them. They now lay withering in the grasp of his hot fevered hand. Like earth's promises, they faded when their hues were most dazzling; their bright leaves drooped, and in faint exhalations the breath of their life and sweetness was passing away. Father Francis was by his side. Mrs. Botelar and Alice sat apart, and by the light which streamed in through the only open window, were earnestly engaged in completing some lady-like and useful piece of handiwork, while they conversed in a low cheerful tone on various interesting and cheerful topics.

"My child," said Father Francis, "you are expecting to see soon those you love?"

"Yes, dear father," replied Clavering; "if such is the will of Almighty God, I shall once more see my venerated parents."

"But suppose," continued Father Francis in an under tone, "that some unforeseen Providence should detain them beyond the necessary time, would the idea of such a sacrifice disturb the tranquillity of your last moments?"

"Father," answered he, after a short pause, pointing to his crucifix which always hung near him, "that teaches me grateful and humble submission. For the last three days it seems that I can not behold it too often; whenever I turn my eyes towards it, every emotion of my soul, every human hope and anxious wish is merged into one grand and sublime sentiment of resignation to the divine will of our Lord, and the joy of a happy reunion with my beloved father and mother, or the pangs of disappointed hope will be sanctified by this. I wish for nothing, I hope for nothing, but that the will of God may be accomplished in me."

"But, my dear child," said Father Francis, willing to probe him yet more deeply, "of all those ardent hopes which in their turbulent anxiety threatened a few days ago to destroy the feeble tenure by which you hold on life, are none now left? is there no yearning, no wish, no secret wish that those who were the fond guardians of your infancy and boyhood should gather around your pillow when the last sad agony of nature deprives us of you?"

"It is all passed away! away for ever," replied Clavering with a happy smile. "Almighty God be praised, the chain of life has dropped its links one by one, some have been broken rudely, others have melted in the ordeal through which I have passed, and my spirit is now almost free. I think of God, his mercy and love, and ETENITY, and I am no longer sensible of pain, I look down from this elevated summit of thought which is tinged with the light of heaven's own love, and feel selfishly happy, so happy that I dare not dim the

transcendent scene by a tear or disturb the celestial air by a sigh. I forget the body which suffers, and think only of the spirit which is healed."

For a moment or so Clavering's face, glowing with smiles, was uplifted, and his eyes, radiant with hope, were raised upwards and seemed with intense gaze to pierce the veil of time, and hold sweet communion with the spirits of heaven, and while his hand, grasping unconsciously those fragrant flowers, pointed thitherward, he looked like an angelic being offering up emblems of his own stainless life.

"It is well, my child," at last said Father Francis; "I congratulate you. I wish you joy. In the holy company of angels, in sweet companionship with Mary and Joseph, reposing for ever in the smiles and love of our Lord, you will forget the ordeal through which you have passed, and the remembrance of bitterness or tears will not there disturb you. May the term of your probation be shortened, and may you enter speedily into those ineffable scenes of perfect and unalloyed bliss."

Father Francis now stepped aside to make his idieus to Mrs. Botelar, and say a few words of encouragement to Alice, who was preparing for her first communion, when the door opened and Mrs. Talmadge entered softly. Her eccentric but loving character had often made the sick room happy with smiles, and as she frequently related, with much earnest sincerity, little incidents connected with her various charitable expeditions, her hearers could but admire those self-denying acts for which she was so famed, and by which she accomplished an incalculable amount of good, and yet spoke of them as of the most ordinary and every day occurrences.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "where are you all? This dark room is enough to give one the horrors outright! Ah! now that I see you, Mr. Clavering, you look most decidedly better; in fact you look well; but you never complain, and are now, I suppose, gathering the fruit of your patience. Some people have a fancy, and I among them, that moans and complaints do sick folks a vast deal of good, and I have been sometimes half provoked at your—— "

"Patience?" inquired Father Francis, pleasantly.

"The heavens above help us," exclaimed the lady, starting with surprise; "the—the *priest's* amangst us taking notes."

"The priest," replied Father Francis, smiling, "would have trembled for his good name had he known you could quote so readily from the Scottish bard."

"Ah, well! I am everlastingly getting into some scrape or other, but it will be all the same a hundred years hence. Where's Mr. Beverly?"

"Good day, my dear," said Mrs. Botelar, advancing; "can you spare breath enough to honor me?"

"How are you, Mrs. Botelar? I suppose I must beg your pardon for dashing in so unceremoniously? Where's Mr. Beverly?"

"Gone in search of you I believe, my dear," replied the lady.

"How provoking! Between ourselves and the walls, Mr. Beverly don't understand the meaning of the word patience very well, and I have been promising him for a week or two past to take him some fine day to learn a lesson from old Jeffries, and waited until twelve today, thinking perhaps he might call, but as he did not, I went out alone to see my old friend."

"And how is he?" inquired Mrs. Botelar; "I heard from Dorothy that he was much worse."

"Well, I heard so from his son, and really felt a wicked kind of a curiosity to know whether or not he had a complaint or murmur to make, but not he indeed! There he sat, propped up in his chair, looking more incomparably happy and incorrigibly patient than I ever saw him. 'Well,' said I, 'Jeffries how are you to-day?' 'Better, madam,' he said. 'But,' said I, 'you have been much worse! The inflammatory rheumatism in your arm with paralasys in your right side was no trifle.' 'Ah! madam,' said he, 'when I thought of what our innocent Lord suffered, and how he suffered, the pain I felt seemed like nothing, and then when a little ease came and the pain left me, I was so thankful, madam, that I forgot all about it.' 'But,' said I, 'do you not grow tired of solitude, Jeffries, and weary of remaining so many hours in one position? it is enough to kill one.' 'Well, madam,' he replied, 'you see my son has fixed rollers on my chair, and, thank God, I still have the use of one of my legs, and, as the chair rolls very smooth, I can travel all over the room. I have every thing to be grateful for; my son is one of the best boys in the world, and, if he can help it,

he never leaves me all day alone, but runs home from his work when the rest go to dinner, and the master gives him leave to see if his old father wants any thing. He fixes those flowers there in that warm place in the casement, and while I sit here alone the bright sunshine streams in, and the flowers grow bright, and I lift up my eyes and thank God that I can still see, and I look and look until I begin to think and think, and then that lily shining so white in the sun reminds me of the Blessed Virgin, and the roses and hyacinths of the holy angels all filled with one glory!' 'But the sun does not always shine, Jeffries; how then?' 'Madam,' said he, 'just rise up a little, and look out to the side of yonder hill, and tell me what you see.' 'See, why I see a grave, Jeffries, with a white cross at the head.' 'Yes, madam,' he said, 'that is my poor old Mary's grave, and no matter how dark the weather or how gloomy the day, when I look at that my thoughts ascend to her, and I think of the time when we shall see each other again in a land, madam, where we will, through the mercy of our Lord, rest for ever.' That poor afflicted old man made me ashamed of myself, and I could but think of a certain celebrated *personage* who in vain tempted holy Job; so I left him, after conversing a short time longer with him, determined for the future that confidence in God should throw its sunshine always about me. Blessings are everlastingly floating around us, and we care not to grasp them with contentment; we prize them not until our capabilities for enjoying them are destroyed, or they fly away, and 'distance lends an unattainable enchantment to their view.' Ah, me! we may be learning all our lives, and yet know comparatively nothing."

"Mrs. Talmadge growing sententious!" exclaimed Mrs. Botelar; "miracles will never cease."

But that good lady was so accustomed to do every thing in her own way and manner, and bid defiance to all etiquette or form, that, without waiting a moment to listen or give a reply to Mrs. Botelar, she had snatched up a chair and seated herself before Clavering, and was soon carrying on a whispered conversation with him. Ah! how seldom should we judge from appearance, and how slowly should opinions be formed of persons from mere manner. With the invalid's hand in her own, and her face bent towards him, many and sweet were the words of consolation and hope which she uttered, and so thrilling was the language that she poured into his ear, and which told of the better land, that a ministering spirit might have dictated it.

Shortly after Father Francis and Mrs. Talmadge had taken leave, Tom entered the room noiselessly, and presented Mrs. Botelar a card; she read the few words on it, and, becoming very pale, looked involuntarily at Clavering.

"I understand all, kind friend," he said; "they have come! My mother—my venerated father; is it not so, my dear madam?"

He was perfectly calm, and, while Mrs. Botelar was astonished at his composure, she could not feel sufficiently grateful that this arrival, which she had so much dreaded on his account, seemed likely, by the grace of God, to disturb him not, but, on the contrary, to tranquillize and soothe him still more, so finding that she could safely announce it, she answered candidly and sincerely:

"The Colonel and Mrs. Clavering have arrived. You were right, my child. They are at the hotel. This card is from your mother; she requests me to come to her immediately, as the colonel is so much exhausted by travel that it is impossible for her to leave him until to-morrow."

"Go, my best of friends," he replied, "and present me with the tenderest affection to those two. Tell my father that I am dying—tell him—— but no, it might unnerve him too suddenly. Say what you will, dear madam; your own heart will dictate what is proper under existing circumstances; but break the matter gently to them, gently to my mother, and may our mother of sorrows impart to her soul strength and fortitude to bow with utter submission to the divine will."

"Ah! my child, may this heavenly composure continue, but I fear—" Mrs. Botelar could not continue, for tears choked her utterance.

"Why is it? how is it?" said Clavering, taking her hands in his own, "that I cause so many tears and so much sadness? Ah! madam, weep not, but rather rejoice that life's fitful fever is nearly over, and that my soul shall so soon be committed to the tender mercies of our dear Redeemer."

"True, my child. I should rather rejoice, but nature demands tears even while the spirit,

like a rainbow's arch, smiles gladly through them. I go, my child. Pray for those to whom I go, and to whom I shall bear such painful and unexpected tidings. Ah! here is our friend, Mr. Beverly; you have just arrived in good time, dear sir. I am obliged to be away for a short time, and I am sure I could not leave Louis under better care."

Mrs. Botelar could scarcely recognise the once girlish form and delicate features of Josephine Welden in the tall and elegant woman of fifty who now received with such chastened dignity and grace her friendly salutations. The effort on Mrs. Clavering's part to act with composure in this interview, at which the colonel was present, was vain; too many recollections, imbued with the bitterness of disappointed hope, came thronging about her heart, and finally she bowed her head on Mrs. Botelar's shoulder, as they stood encircled in each others' arms, and wept bitterly. The colonel was frigid though polite, and looked with displeased astonishment at this (to him) unnecessary scene, and, when the emotion of his lady overcame every other consideration, and she inquired, in broken accents, after her child, he exclaimed, in an angry tone:

"Forbear, madam, forbear. Save me at least the penalty of hearing the cause of these premature infirmities and this premature old age discussed in my presence."

He was leaving the room, but Mrs. Botelar arose, and approaching him with dignity, said:

"Sir, I may not be silenced on this subject, for I have a solemn duty to perform, a painful duty, and yet you will no doubt eventually thank me for not having shrunk from it. Your son——" This was quite enough, and the colonel abruptly left the room.

"Cruel, unkind, and stern to the last," exclaimed Mrs. Clavering, sinking back on the sofa; "but tell *me* his *mother;* surely I have a right to know; how is it with him?"

"My beloved friend," said Mrs. Botelar, "had I once sent you a jewel of inestimable value, telling you that, at some future day, I should demand it from you, how would you have acted when I required the costly trust from your hands? Would you have insisted on retaining that which had been loaned you for a season, or even felt unwilling to yield up to me my own?"

"Why, why," asked Mrs. Clavering, with blanched cheeks and trembling lips, "why such strange question?"

"Answer me, my dear," said Mrs. Botelar, emphatically.

"Assuredly I would have returned your gem, and thanked you for reposing such confidence in me, and felt still more grateful for relieving me of the great responsibility of the trust. But my child, my child—Mrs. Botelar, you have not yet answered me?"

"In your child," replied the lady, solemnly, "behold the jewel of priceless worth committed to your care and keeping by Almighty God. He is now about demanding back the treasure he loaned you; be not ungenerous or selfish, but in the humble hope of again reclaiming it, bright with new lustre, on the morning of the resurrection, yield him up—yield him up."

"You mean to say," gasped Mrs. Clavering, "that my child is dying?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Botelar, slowly, "dying——"

"Ah! madam, say no more, say no more, this is indeed bitterness—the lees of the chalice, the consummation of the sacrifice! Can I now say, O God, thy will be done? Oh! Queen of heaven, Consolation of the afflicted! thou who didst also suffer on earth, teach me resignation like thine. I will go with you, my friend; lead me to the death-bed of my only child."

A few moments sufficed for the necessary preparation, and but a few more were sufficient to bear her to the presence of her son. He stretched forth his arms towards her, and the word "mother" trembled on his lips, but ere she could reach him a piercing shriek burst from the depths of her overcharged heart, and she fell lifeless at his feet. Clavering joined his hands on his breast, and, with an expression of meek patience on his countenance, fixed his eyes on his crucifix, and prayed—prayed for that tender mother who had suffered so much and so keenly for his sake.

When Col. Clavering left Mrs. Botelar so abruptly, he descended to the reading room, and while he was looking testily over the papers, his attention was arrested by hearing his own name repeated in a broad Irish accent.

"How is he, Barney?" said a voice.

"An' is it misther Clavering ye're afther askin' for?"

"Yes; how is he? He was extremely ill a day or two ago; how is he to-day, Barney?"

"Dyin', sir, dyin' by inches, an' pining the sowl out ov his body to see his onnathural parents. Sure it is Madam Botelar's as kind as an angil, but a mother you know, sir, is a mother the world over."

"I am sincerely sorry," observed the gentleman to another, "that he continues so ill; for never before was there an interruption to a greater life of promise."

"Of whom do you speak, Talmadge?"

"Oh, I thought you knew all about the affair, Lee. He is the son of a Col. Clavering, of Virginia, who has disinherited him because he became a Catholic."

"Is his disease incurable?"

"Quite so. He is dying of a rapid consumption. Dr. Lurbeck told me yesterday that he could scarcely live a week."

A cry of agony was heard, and a fall, and a hurrying of people to the spot, and Col. Clavering was found insensible on the floor of the reading room. "Who is he?" "what is he?" "what is the matter?" were the inquiries passed around.

"Who is he?" cried the proprietor of the house, entering the room. "Heavens! it is Col. Clavering; assist me in bearing him to his room, gentlemen, if you please, and some one go for a physician immediately."

Mrs. Clavering was sitting by her child; his head reposed on her breast as it once did in days of yore; no word had been spoken of the past; the present hour, with its cares and blessings, filled their hearts; his face wore the same tranquil and happy smile, and his eyes soon closed in sweet slumber. It seemed as if an atmosphere of heavenly peace had gathered around him, which no evil power could wish or even dare to intrude on. While the mother and son were sitting thus, a furious ring at the front door gave evidence of visiters. Tom attended the summons, and an old man, haggard and trembling, tottered in from a coach that stood at the curb, and inquired for Mrs. Botelar. She heard the unusual noise, and was approaching the door, when Col. Clavering, for it was he, met her and exclaimed: "Forgive me, forgive me madam, I have suffered much; where is my boy? he is dying; take me to him."

"Compose yourself, sir, I entreat," said the lady; "sit here, Col. Clavering; you are exhausted, and this violent agitation will not only injure you, but our dear boy; it might prove fatal to him."

"O God—O God!" cried the old man, striking his forehead, "I have killed him! stricken—stricken—stricken. Madam, this is no time to detain a father from his child. By what right am I kept away from him when he is—dying?"

This last word was uttered amidst weeping and sighs. Fortunately, Father Francis now came in to pay his usual evening visit to Clavering, and Mrs. Botelar introduced him to the colonel, who, forgetting all bitterness in the excess of his anguish, offered his hand; when at another time he would have saluted him with a distant bow and supercilious air. Mrs. Botelar left the room to go up and apprise Clavering of the unexpected presence of his father.

"And has he come at last?" whispered the young man, "at last! I thank thee, O God! I deserve not these blessings."

"Will you see him now, my dear?" inquired the lady.

"Yes, dear madam, if you please. My mother! why these tears? This re-union, mother, is happy; but how transporting will be the re-union in the land of love, where separations are unheard of, where it will be eternal."

Mrs. Botelar returned to the parlor, and found the colonel more composed, and listening with deep interest as Father Francis spoke in terms of high and well deserved encomium of his son, and threw in consolatory hints and gently soothing words which fell on his heart like a blessing. Leaving a message for the invalid, Father Francis made his adieus, thinking wisely that there was a sacredness in the meeting thus brought about by a good Providence, which might be sympathized in, but not looked on by stranger eyes.

The colonel entered the room of his son with faltering steps. Clavering would have risen up and gone to meet him, but disease had encroached too much on his strength, and he could only hold out his hands with a welcome gesture. The colonel approached, and taking his hands within his own, stood before him gazing silently and earnestly on the beautiful wreck; he scanned every feature, and looked at his emaciated hands, then stooped forward and kissed his forehead, and ere a word or ac-

tion of Clavering could prevent it, his father was kneeling by his side.

"Forgive me, my child," he whispered; "forgive me."

This was too much; it was the drop which caused the already brimming cup to overflow, and he fell forward on his father's neck almost dying, "Ah! sir," he whispered after a few moments' pause, "why is this? Rather forgive me all the pain and anguish I have caused you. In this solemn hour, my father, I declare to you that nothing—no earthly considerations—no persuasion, or entreaty, or influence could have made me act contrary to your will; but, my father, duty to Almighty God directed me, his Holy Spirit impelled me, and the salvation of my soul required the sacrifice."

"Enough, Louis—it has passed. Would to God I had acted differently. I believe you, my child. You have proved the sincerity of your principles; you are about offering up your life for them, and I—I, who should have shielded you from every danger, have been your most cruel foe."

"Father," said Clavering, gazing with dim eyes on the tears which streamed in torrents over the furrows of his face, "you pain me. Mother, have you no word of consolation to utter? My breath fails me—my strength is utterly exhausted; come, mother, and say all that I would say."

They lifted him gently up, and laid him on his couch. Violent paroxysms of pain racked his frame; the terrible cough seemed about to tear asunder the last vital thread, and a dark stream of blood slowly welled up from some broken vein, but no murmur escaped his lips, no complaint was uttered; but still looking on his crucifix, he offered up his sufferings gladly and with meekness to Him who had known sorrows, and tasted for the him the bitterness of death. In conjunction with these he gloried in the cross, and thought of those illustrious martyrs of God "who had fought to win the prize, and sailed through bloody seas," until, in his ardor, he would have embraced with joy, sufferings ten-fold more appalling had the will of God inflicted them on him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CLOUDS.

BY MISS OTT.

I've gazed upon the summer cloud,
Of sparkling, snowy hue,
That reared on high its columns proud,
Amid th' ethereal blue;
There dazzling temples, tow'ring trees,
With silvery branches spread,
(That seemed to tremble on each breeze,)
Their lofty forms displayed.

I've watched the dark and boding cloud
That bore the tempest near,
O'er which the forky lightning bowed
In majesty severe;
When heaven's artillery seemed to rend
The massive heap on high;
While from their darksome founts descend
The crystals of the sky.

I've marked the changing twilight cloud
That played in mimic scenes,
Ere wrapped in night's dark gloomy shroud,
It caught Sol's fading beams;

Fair landscapes met the enraptured eye,
  Then dwindling into forms
Less grand, the flower bloomed on high,
  'Mid elements of storms.

Night's gloom sped on, they passed away,—
  I paused, and thought on life;
How like those clouds are pleasures gay,
  Alloyed with shades of strife:
So fair and tempting, men pursue
  These phantoms, false, but bright,
Borne on by their deluded view
  Till lost in endless night.

MISSIONS OF CANADA.

(From the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.)

PROPORTION as the field of the missions becomes vaster and more fertile, the Lord calls to it a greater number of laborers. He raises up not only individual apostles for this divine ministry, but he also causes to arise new congregations, of which the collective devotion is better calculated for supplying general wants. Among these institutions of latter date, there is one with which we shall now make our readers more familiarly acquainted: it is the first time that it obtains a place in the Annals, and we ought to show its origin previously to narrating its labors.

The society of the *Oblati of the Immaculate Mary*, founded in the south of France, by the Right Rev. Doctor De Mazenod, the present bishop of Marseilles, reckons already more than eighteen years of existence. It had shown its zeal only in the neighborhood of its original house, when, in 1841, his lordship, Doctor Bourget, bishop of Montreal, in Canada, having come to Europe on business connected with the interests of religion, and, more particularly, in order to look for some apostolic men, whom he was desirous of establishing in his diocess, asked his lordship, Dr. De Mazenod, for a colony of his priests, the *Oblati of Mary*. His pious wishes were complied with, and the worthy prelate, to whom the church of Canada was already under such obligation, had the consolation of also introducing into it these new fellow-laborers.

Their house having been regularly established, they began, forthwith, the labors of their ministry, which the Lord accompanied every where with abundant benedictions. *The Oblati of the Immaculate Mary*, in Canada, are now nineteen in number, of whom fifteen are professed missionaries and four novices. They possess three establishments; one, which is at Longueil, where the visiter-general resides, and where the noviciate is situated, is specially charged with the spiritual care of the townships. They call by this name those habitations dispersed on the frontiers of Canada and the United States, which, not possessing a population sufficiently large, can not be erected into parishes with a stationary priest. A person may easily have an idea of the religious wants of this but little favored portion of the flock.

Another community of the *Oblati of Mary*, called by the Most Rev. Dr. Signay into the diocess of Quebec, has been established in the northern part of Saguenay, on the banks of a river which bears that name. In addition to the missions and the retreats given to the Catholic parishes, the fathers of that house

undertake the apostleship of the savages, of whom some tribes always occupy the sources of the rivers Saint Maurice and Saguenay, as well as the banks of the Montmorency.

More to the north, towards the fifty-second degree of latitude, there exist also some Papinachois Indians between the lakes Amnitchtagan, Papimooagan, and Pirreteebée. On the right of the river Saint Lawrence, towards the eastern side of Lower Canada, called Gaspesia, are found the remains of the *Mismaks* or *Gaspesians*, formerly very numerous, and remarkable for the forward state of their civilization. The remains of these different tribes, which are still infidel, were visited several years ago by the fathers of Saint Sulpice, and by other Canadian priests. Thanks to their zeal, much good has been produced by them; several of them have even gathered, along with a rich harvest of souls, the ordinary reward of self-devotion; for, victims of their charity, they have sunk under the fatigues of so painful a ministry. At present, the *Fathers Oblati of Mary the Immaculate* have the care of all these missions; and some of their number have, every year, to visit the different posts, round which the savages collect, in order to make new proselytes among them, and to furnish to those who are Christians the succors of religion. They propose it to themselves (as soon as their number will allow of it) to extend their excursions into Labrador, as far as the little Esquimaux, in order to rescue the inhabitants from their idolatry, or from the seduction of the Moravian brethren, who have already formed some establishments among them.

The third house of the *Oblati of Mary the Immaculate* is at Bytown, in the diocess of Kingston, in Upper Canada. The members of this community, like those of Montreal, are intended to give missions to the parishes already formed, and to preach the gospel to the Catholic population, scattered through the interior of the country. In addition to this ministry, they also attend to that of the *Woodmen*. Hitherto thousands of wood-cutters, dispersed during six months of the year through the forest, employed at felling the woods, were entirely neglected with regard to religion; but, being now entrusted to the care of the *Oblati of Mary the Immaculate*, they will henceforth easily be able to partake of all the spiritual aids which zeal and charity know how to multiply, when there is question of the salvation of souls. The fathers of the house of Bytown are, moreover, charged with carrying the lamp of faith to the savage *Algonquins* and *Abitibbees*, spread over the north-west part of Canada, between the fiftieth and fifty-second degrees of latitude. Though formerly numerous, these tribes are now reduced to a very small population; the frequent wars which they made among themselves, or maintained against the whites, had already cruelly thinned them towards the end of the last century; and since then, the immigration of Europeans becoming continually greater and greater, these savages, being driven back into their forests, have perished in great numbers from hunger and want.

His lordship, the vicar-apostolic of Hudson's bay, having, on his side, invited the *Oblati* into his immense district, they will proceed thither to begin their labors next summer. Now, in these regions, nearly as extensive as Europe, and which extend from the seventy-second to the hundred and forty-fourth degree of west longitude, and from the forty-eighth to the sixty-eighth degree of north latitude, that is to say, on one side from the western limits of Labrador to beyond the Rocky Mountains, towards the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and, on the other side, from Lake Superior and the northern frontiers of the United States to the Frozen Sea, there are only five priests, whose entire life, being devoted to the care of a population of three thousand Catholics, is hardly sufficient for visiting the different posts of the English fur company.

These priests, notwithstanding their zeal, have not, as yet, been able to do any thing more than cast the good seed into that vast territory, where the greater number of the tribes have preserved their independence. They hope soon to be able to go and settle themselves in the midst of those tribes, who bear different names, according to the countries which they occupy, and who all appear disposed to welcome the ministers of the gospel.

LETTER FROM THE REV. FATHER BOURRASSA.

"*Three Rivers, the 25th July*, 1844.

"Reverend Father,—Here we are, returned from our mission on the Saint Maurice. The

fruits of grace and salvation, with which God has deigned to crown our humble labors, have fully compensated us for the fatigues of so toilsome a journey.

"The Saint Maurice, the course of which is about two hundred leagues long, would be a very fine river, were it not for the rapids and frequent falls which render the navigation of it so difficult. It was to the savages, who live along its banks, that I and the Rev. Mr. Marault were sent, in order to replace Father Paymant, a missionary full of zeal and virtue, who had visited them the year before, but who is at present afflicted with a general rheumatism, from the effects of the sufferings which he underwent in his apostolic journeys. To these savages, who are called *Bowl-heads*, the gospel was first preached only about seven years ago, and they already afford much consolation to the missionaries, who have brought them the good tidings. I shall give you, in my letter, the details of our last expedition.

"We set out from the Three Rivers on the 8th of June; our vessel was a boat of bark, twenty-seven feet long, having a crew of five men and a young savage, who had passed the year in the house of Father Paymant; our clothes and small stock of provisions constituted all the cargo. In order not to detain you with too many introductory remarks, I shall not describe our voyage on the Saint Maurice, nor the different incidents which befel us in the course of it. You can form an idea of it by imagining to yourself two missionaries embarked in a frail skiff, sailing alone on a broad river, the current of which hardly allowed it to advance half a league in an hour, beholding around them only rocks, precipices, and large trees, and obliged, on account of the frequent and long shallows, to disembark and load their shoulders not only with their provisions and humble baggage, but also with the vessel itself, which it becomes impossible to move upon the river.

"In addition to this, the encamping for the night, which by right should have rested us a little after the fatigues of the day, afforded us no very agreeable repose. Our supper and bed were in complete keeping with our strange mode of travelling, and entirely worthy of the apostolic life. We usually halted towards twilight, and in the neighborhood of one of the great falls. Our people began their work by unloading the boat, and turning it upside down on the bank; each person then took his part in preparing the supper; one cut wood, another got the pot ready, a third struck sparks out of a flint, which caught on some dry leaves. In some short time afterwards, a pretty thick steam arising from the kettle, together with the smell of the salted meat, apprised us that we might begin our humble meal.

"As the number of dishes was reduced to the fewest possible, a bit of pork serving us for *entremets* and second course at the same time, a few minutes were generally sufficient for this rustic banquet. Afterwards came prayer, which we said in common, and then we had to set about preparing our lodging for the night. We next pitched our little tent on the evenest and least damp spot we could find; every one equipped himself with two blankets, one of which, being doubled, served for a mattress, and the other covered his body to defend him from the cold and the dew; and thus we were lodged as pleasantly as if we were in the best bed of a comfortable hotel. Whether we then slept well is another question; for, besides that our shoulders did not readily accustom themselves to the hardness of our couch, we were continually kept awake by an innumerable body of insects, which afforded us no rest. All the gnats, musquitoes, and fire-flies of the neighboring forests seemed to have agreed to assemble in our tent; the number of them was so great that we could hardly draw our breath, and you may judge if they spared their stings on us.

"We travelled in this manner for the space of about twenty days, at one time sailing on the river, at another encamped on its bank, and at other times walking on foot, and obliged laboriously to open our way through the woods. I shall say nothing to you of the beauties of these grand scenes of nature, which are no where met with so striking as in North America; but I must make an exception in favor of the famous waterfall of *Chawenigan*. We had passed the night of the 9th of June at the foot of this cataract. On the next day, being accompanied by the carpenter and our young savage, I wished to go and enjoy the sight of this important cascade, of which we had been able to see only the lower part on the evening before. We climbed up across a thick wood

to the top of the hill, from whence rush down the clear waters of the Saint Maurice. A heavy and majestic sound apprised us that we were not far from the abyss, and, in some time afterwards, we viewed this magnificent piece of scenery from the most commanding point of view.

"An island, or, more properly speaking, a heap of rocks, dividing the river at the place of the fall, forms thus two immense cascades, the waters of which reunite at the bottom of the gulf, to resume their course together. We saw only the *eastern* branch of the cataract, the time not being afforded us for visiting the *northern* one, which we have been assured has greatly the advantage over the former. This fall of Saint Maurice, situated at the distance of thirty miles from the Three Rivers, is upwards of one hundred feet in height, and is visited by a great number of strangers, whom curiosity brings thither from all quarters. But I was going to forget my promise of refraining from all digressions; and, nevertheless, I must tell you another adventure of our journey, which is more closely connected with the object I had in view.

"On the 16th of June, a week after our setting out on our journey, being at the foot of the eight great *rapids*, which come in sight after the famous passage of the *Juque*, we were not a little surprised at seeing a boat coming towards us. There were aboard four young men of the savage tribe of the *Bowl-heads*, who, having left Warmantashing on the 12th, had travelled eighty leagues in four days. They saluted us affectionately, but appeared sad. Father Marault asked them, in the *Abenakee* language, what was the cause of their trouble. One of them answered, 'We are surprised and saddened at not seeing the *black gown* who visited us last year.' 'Father Paymant was near dying, and has not been able to return to you this time,' replied Father Marault to them; 'and as the guardian of prayer (the bishop) does not wish to abandon you, he has sent us in his place to instruct you.' These words were sufficient to satisfy them. Continuing then to address themselves to my colleague, they said to him, 'We were in great trouble about thee at Warmantashing, seeing that thou didst not arrive; then we said to ourselves, let us set out and go quickly to meet the *black gown*. We have, therefore, come down the river, quite determined to pursue our journey to the great village (Quebec), if we had not met thee. Now, thanks to the Great Spirit, who wills that thou shouldst come among us; we are going to pray that he may protect thee until thy arrival at the cabin of prayer (the church), where thou art to instruct us.'

"These good neophytes did not wish to separate any more from us; their boat kept sailing alongside ours during the six days that we employed in proceeding to the port of Warmantashing. We arrived there on the 22d at nightfall. Before that so much desired place, at the sight of the savages dispersed on the bank of the river, what delightful emotions took possession of my soul! Dangers of the voyage, labors, fatigues, privations, all had vanished on my perceiving, at two paces from me, friends, brothers, and, what is more than that, souls ransomed at the price of the blood of Jesus Christ, whom I was called to save! I did not know them as yet, but the pain which they had cost me rendered them very dear to me.

"I saw them, men, women, and children, leaping with joy, and expressing, after their own fashion, the happiness which they experienced at our coming among them. According as our bark advanced, they were hastening to complete the preparations for our reception on the bank. By the orders of Mr. M'Leod, commandant of the port, the colors had been hoisted, and the men, collected in a group, were loading their guns. As soon as we set foot on the land a general discharge was forthwith fired to salute us. After some words exchanged between Mr. M'Leod and us, and having thanked him for his polite offers, we went to our savages; we had to shake hands with every one of them, and, as they were many, the ceremony was long. They quitted us no more during the whole of the evening, and the day was ended by prayer in common, which we said at the foot of a great cross.

"On the 22d we had the happiness of celebrating the holy sacrifice of the mass in one of the rooms of the fort. Oh! with what earnestness I offered to God the spotless victim for the salvation of these poor Indians!

"After the holy sacrifice, *Oskiloe*, one of the chiefs, followed by several men of his tribe, came to ask an audience of us. Address-

ing himself to Father Marault, he spoke to him thus:—'My father, behold thee at last in the midst of us; how long have we been waiting for thee! Five Sundays have passed since we came here; our provisions are all consumed, and we catch no fish, because the water is too high. The places where there used to be a great deal are now almost without any. What will become of us, father? And yet we had rather die than go without confession this year. Here is what we have agreed to do. If the fishing continues to be bad, we will fast for ten days, in order to remain with thee; we shall suffer, but no matter; we shall do so with pleasure in order to save our souls. At the end of ten days, if the Great Spirit does not send us fish, necessity will oblige us to go away; we shall quit thee at last, but with much sorrow.'

"*Oskiloe* having done speaking, we answered that our intention had at first been to stop for some days at Warmantashing; 'but,' added we, 'since the want of provisions does not allow you to remain a longer time, we will travel together towards the chapel of Kikendate.' We actually set out on the next day; I went on before, along with some savages, who offered me their boat, and on the 27th we landed at Kikendate. A shot, fired on purpose, apprised of our arrival the savages encamped in the neighborhood of the chapel.

"They came in great numbers to offer me their congratulations. I talked for a long time with them, and they felt so happy at possessing a missionary that they did not know how to express their gratitude. On the next day Father Marault arrived with the rest of the Indians, whom we had met at Warmantashing. We regulated, forthwith, the exercises of the mission, which my colleague opened on that very evening by a preparatory instruction.

"Our savages, after having waited for so long a time, could not be more eager for the divine word, and from the first days we were able to enjoy plenteously the fruits of their good dispositions. The catechumens, particularly, distinguished themselves by the zeal and ardor which they showed for instruction, in order to hasten the happy moment when they would be admitted by baptism into the number of the faithful. The greatest sacrifices were counted as nothing, when they considered that it was at this price they should merit the favor of receiving the first sacrament. We kept them at the church for more than six hours in the day, the greater portion of this time being employed in the catechism, or familiar instruction, which every one attended. So far from feeling tired of these exercises, which might have seemed long even to better instructed Christians, they had no sooner come out of the chapel, than, collecting in different groups, they endeavored to give an account to each other of the things which we had said to them, and that during whole hours, and sometimes even until late in the night.

"In their doubts and difficulties they used to come to consult the missionaries; then, whether we were gone to bed or not, asleep or awake, it was necessary to give them an audience, and answer all their questions. We did so the more willingly, inasmuch as these explanations, given to some, were immediately repeated by them to all, and thus spared us long explanations on the same subjects.

"Thanks to that ardor for learning the truths of religion, we were able, in the space of a fortnight, to administer the sacrament of baptism to twenty persons, the greater number of them adults, and to bless four marriages. We, moreover, prepared for communion fifty savages, who had been baptized in the preceding years. In addition to the hours intended for instructions, we had appointed other times of the day for prayer, which was said in common. It was there, in these sweet meetings of brethren, that I was deeply affected at seeing the wilderness embellished by so much piety and fervor; you would have supposed them rather to be angels than men; strongly attached to the object of their faith and of their love, they appeared to have forgotten the earth. Their modesty, in the holy place, was perfect, particularly during the holy sacrifice. Wo to him who, through levity, had even turned his head about; a cuff, vigorously administered to him by one of his neighbors, would have quickly apprised him of his fault.

"These interesting neophytes are greatly attached to prayer, and make of it, as it were, their daily nourishment. As regards fathers and mothers, it is a consolation, as well as a duty, for them to inspire their children with a taste for it; and more than once we have had an opportunity of judging for ourselves that

their labors were not lost, and that the seed sown in these young hearts had fallen on good ground.

"You will permit me, in concluding this letter, to quote you one example out of a thousand of which I have been witness. One evening, as I was discoursing with our men in a kind of sacristy, which served us for a lodging, I suddenly heard the voice of a child, which seemed to come from the holy place. It was about half past ten o'clock in the evening. Having a curiosity to know what it might be, I looked through the opening in the partition, and perceived two little children, who appeared to be eight or ten years of age: the younger, modestly kneeling before the altar, was saying his prayers; while the other, standing beside him, was watching to see that he should discharge well this sacred duty. This prayer being ended, the young Mentor caused his little pupil to kiss the ground, accompanied him to the door of the chapel, gave him the holy water before letting him go out, and then returned to fall on his knees near the sanctuary, in order to continue his prayer, which lasted for a very long time, after which he withdrew, to go and take his sleep, which must have been very sweet after such an action. At this affecting sight I could not refrain from tears; the remembrance of these two innocent creatures can never be effaced from my mind; I think I see them still offering to God, whom they knew only for a few days past, the homage of a pure and candid heart.

"In fine, thanks to the extraordinary dispositions of these good Indians, there now remain only three infidels in their whole tribe, and even these show signs of an approaching conversion. All the others are of an irreproachable conduct, and make us hope that as long as they do not communicate with the whites they will always be fervent Christians. The progress which they have made in temperance and the other virtues is really surprising, and they themselves are astonished at it. 'How bad we were,' one of the savages used to say to us, 'before Fathers Dumoulin and Paymant had penetrated into our deserts! How much good they have done our souls, and how much we are now changed! Ah! my father! thank our brothers, the *good prayers* (the associates of the propagation of the faith), on account of the *black gowns*, whom we owe to their generosity.'

"Such, reverend father, is the people blessed by God, to whom I was sent this year. I should have willingly passed the remainder of my days among these dear neophytes, but the time appointed for our departure was come. All the preparations for the journey being therefore made, we embarked again on the Saint Maurice, and quitted, not without regret, that land of benedictions, wherein the Lord had made us find so abundant a harvest."

THE CHURCH OF ROME DURING THE FIRST SIX CENTURIES.

(From the Catholic Weekly Instructor.)

IS somewhat amusing to see how puzzled and perplexed our opponents are, in trying to point out the time when, and the place where, the church of Rome fell from that purity, which they acknowledge her to have possessed in the early ages. Some of the Anglicans, especially of the Oxford school, are great admirers of that terse maxim of St. Vincent of Lerins: "Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus traditum est." The question then arises for the Anglican divines, if the maxim "quod semper," &c., is to be acted upon and carried out, at what precise point the investigation is to stop. Is it at the close of the second, third, fourth, or fifth century? "Stand by the first six general councils," exclaims Hammond and Stillingfleet. "Stop at the end of the fifth century," says Archbishop Bramhall. "You must not draw bridle till the disunion of the east and west," cries Bishop Ken. "You are wrong," says Archbishop Usher, "four or five hundred years

are sufficient." "Rather three or four," says Waterland and Beveridge. "The precise limit is no where," says Mr. Newman; "it is a question of degree and place." "It is every where," says in emphatic tone the consistent Catholic. But a truce to these discordant declaimers. Let us now come to some quiet and substantial authorities on this important point. There are few calm writers and men of sound learning but admit the purity of the church of Rome during the first ages of the Christian era; indeed the fact has been so repeatedly acknowledged by Protestant divines, as to have become tantamount to a first principle.

I. Whitaker, on Anti-Christ, p. 31, writes: "During the first five hundred years, the church was *pure*, and inviolably taught the faith delivered by the apostles."

II. Jewell (than whom, by-the-bye, no one ever penned more falsehoods in so small a compass), in his answer to Harding, p. 246, says: "St. Augustine and the other godly fathers rightly yielded reverence to the see of Rome, for the purity of religion there preserved a long time without spot. The godly fathers of those times seeking to the church of Rome, then, for purity of religion most famous above all others."

III. Fulke, Confutation of Purgatory, p. 373, says: "The early fathers do specially name the church of Rome at that time (meaning the first six hundred years). Because, as it was founded by the apostles, so it hath continued in the doctrine of the apostles."

IV. Morton, Catholic Appeal, p. 354, makes the following acknowledgment: "It has been the common profession of Protestants to stand to the judgment of antiquity for the first four hundred years and more in *all* things: nay, we give the Romanists the scope of the first five hundred or six hundred years, as they themselves acknowledge."

V. The next authority that we will adduce is that of the learned Usher. It is found in connection with an ancient and curious synodical decree of St. Patrick from the Vetus Codex Ecclesiæ Armachanæ. But first to state the decree and then Usher's remarks thereon: "If any questions arise in this island, that is, any difficult cause unknown to the Scottish nations, let it be referred to the see of the Irish Archbishop Patrick, and to his examination. But if the matter can be decided neither by him nor his council, we have decreed that it shall be referred to the apostolic see, that is, to the chair of the apostle, St. Peter, holding the authority of the city of Rome." See now how Usher deals with this awkward document, not denying it, but endeavoring to get rid of it as best he can. "It is most likely," says he, "that St. Patrick had a special regard for the church of Rome, from *whence he was sent*, for the conversion of this island, so, had I lived in his days, I should have as willingly listened to the judgment of the church of Rome, as to the determination of any other church in the whole world, so reverend an estimation have I of the integrity of that church in those good days." So Archbishop Usher. Religion of the ancient Irish, p. 87.

VI. Here we have to thank Usher for bringing down the integrity or purity of the Roman Catholic church to the close of the fifth century. The question then naturally presents itself, what religion did Rome hold at that period? was Patrick a Protestant or a papist? We have a good authority for an answer to this question, no less than the centuriators, or century writers of Magdeburg. We need hardly remark that the centuriators were certain learned Germans of the city of Magdeburg, who, in the early days of the reformation, composed a body of church history. Now for their decision: "Patrick was a man excelling in doctrine and miracles, who by his prayers shortly converted all Ireland, founded churches without number, ordaining preachers, delivering the possessed, raising the dead to the number of sixty, and baptizing twelve thousand souls." Magdeburg Cent. 5 Col. 118, Cent. 6, p. 407. We may just add, for the edification of our readers, that the good centuriators intimate that Patrick did all this for the increase of popery. No harm to them for the insinuation, for popery could not have been a very bad thing, if it enabled Patrick to achieve such wonders. After this no descendant of St. Patrick will be ashamed of his religion.

VII. Whilst our separated brethren acknowledge the beauty and purity of the Catholic church in the early ages, they assert that at an after period she sullied this beauty and purity, and fell into errors and superstitions. But they are sadly perplexed as to the time when, and the place where, and we live in hope that, if they will only go on a little longer disputing

and contradicting each other, and throw a little more light on that calumniated period, they will dissipate and dispute away the dark ages altogether. When we ask them when these corruptions found their way into the church, it is amusing to see how puzzled they are.

"It is hard for us to answer at *what time*, neither is it necessary to set down the very instant of time; all things were not overturned at once; the hairs of the head grow not grey at once." Bishop of Durham's Charge, p. 10.

VIII. Whitaker, Answer to Campion, p. 171, is in the same "fix," as Jonathan would say: "We can neither tell by whom, nor at what time the enemy did sow your doctrine, neither do we know who was the first author of your popish opinions."

IX. "We do not hold," says Usher, (answer to Malone, p. 1, 9,) "that Rome was built in a day, or that the great dunghill of errors we now behold in her was raised in one age. Neither can I precisely lay down the time when she first thought herself wiser than her forefathers." What a figure such witnesses as these would make in a court of justice!

X. We may close our Protestant authorities on this topic with the brief remark from Gibbon's Decline and Fall. He says: "No learned man can resist the force of that historical evidence which establishes the fact that, during the whole period of the first four ages of the church, the *principal points* of doctrine believed by the papists were already admitted, both in *theory* and in practice."

A short extract from St. Augustine may very suitably close the rear of all that we have adduced: "Whatsoever the universal church practiseth, if *no time* can be found when the said practice first begun, it must necessarily be judged to have descended from the very apostles themselves." St. Aug. lib. 4, Contra Donatistas, c. 24. Here St. Augustine charitably comes in to extricate these various bewildered Protestant writers from their difficulties, and supplies them with a simple, sound, and satisfactory answer as to who "was the first author of our popish opinions." Why, the apostles to be sure.

THE GREAT BRITAIN STEAM SHIP:

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HER FIRST VOYAGE TO THE UNITED STATES.

(From Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.)

THE arrival of this mammoth steam-ship in our waters has produced an interest corresponding with the magnitude of the enterprise. The triumphs of art, now applied through the power of steam, are supplanting the triumphs of war; and hastening, it is to be hoped, the period when the nations of the earth shall lay aside the implements of destruction for the implements of a liberal commerce, and a higher civilization. Commerce and the arts are uniting with Christianity, in the great work of human progress. It is with this view of the subject that we hail every new achievement of art, every beneficent movement in the commercial world.

We propose at this time to record in the pages of this magazine a brief but accurate description of the Great Britain, and her first voyage across the Atlantic.*

The Great Britain left Liverpool on the 26th of July, 1845, at four o'clock, P. M. She encountered strong westerly winds and a heavy sea on her voyage, as well as fog, during the last five days, which compelled her to go slowly at times, and of course considerably retarded her progress. She reached the dock, or wharf,

* For the facts connected with the voyage, &c., we are indebted to the commander of the Great Britain, Captain James Hosken, R. N., politely communicated by that gentleman in reply to inquiries made by us; and for the description of the ship, to a pamphlet prepared by Capt. Claxton, R. N., a director of the company.

in New York, on the 10th of August, after having stopped at quarantine ground, making an average of rather more than eight and a half knots, or nautical miles, per hour, on the passage. The ship, during the worst of the weather, says Captain Hosken, behaved well, and gave promise of a good and safe sea boat, under the worst circumstances; her movements are all remarkably easy, whether pitching or rolling. The latter, Captain Hosken is of opinion, will be very materially lessened by the application of ridge keels, intended to be put on next winter.

"From what I remarked on the passage," we quote from the letter of Captain Hosken before us, "it is clear to me that the great size, and consequent increased capability of contending with heavy seas, will give our ship a great advantage over smaller vessels in extreme bad weather, more particularly when the sails can be combined with the steam power; the screw propeller also adds much to the efficient combination of the two powers. Her steering under every variety of circumstance, weather, etc., is something extraordinary, and renders her size no objection, as I find her more easy to manage, than I have steam vessels of half her size, with paddle wheels."

The Great Britain is the largest steam-ship in the world. The next in size is, we believe, the English ship "Precursor," of two thousand five hundred tons, in India, which has been found to answer well. First rate men of war are so different as not to admit of a comparison; their size varies from five hundred to one thousand tons less than the Great Britain. The "Pennsylvania," built at Philadelphia, is the largest.

The Great Britain is divided into compartments, to each of which the engine pumps, by the means of pipes and cocks, can be applied. The water-tight divisions of each compartment add greatly to the strength of the ship, either as struts or ties. All steamers, whether on the score of humanity, or for the preservation of property, ought to be so divided, for if a vessel be divided into five or six compartments, and any one of them should from accident fill, her buoyancy would be slightly affected. If two compartments filled, and those two were not at the extremes, the extreme compartments would still keep her afloat. If two consecutive compartments, either forward or aft, filled, it is certain if she went down head or stern foremost that she would be some time about it, long enough, probably, to give time for all the boats to be got in readiness. The celebrated Nemesis struck on the English stones, in the British channel, going nine or ten knots; she slid off, after making such a slit in a plate in the forward compartment as filled it. She steamed several hours with the compartment full, until she obtained additional pumps in Mount's bay, with which the space was pumped out, and the leak stopped. At Portsmouth she was examined, and drawings of the damage were made by an employee of the company; she was repaired in a few hours, at an expense of about thirty pounds, and then started for China. The Brigand, a large iron steamer, which had been trading between Liverpool and Bristol, struck on sunken rocks off the Scilly islands, filled a forward compartment, and had some part of her paddle wheel forced so far into the engine room as to damage the plates, and fill that part also. She remained afloat, in consequence of the remaining compartments, long enough to enable the crew to save themselves and their kits comfortably, and then went down in deep water. The Wye, trading between Bristol and Chepstow, was cut down more than a foot below the water line by one of the Irish steamers, her stem having gone into the little Wye as far as the forward companion; she continued her voyage, and landed all her passengers as safely, but not quite as fast, as if nothing had happened: in her case, it was the foremost compartment that filled. The Sylph, although a slight vessel, and of wood, had compartments; the two foremost filled, but the after one kept her long enough afloat to enable all who were not killed or injured to effect their escape. The case of the Vanguard iron steamer, which for ten days was exposed to heavy breakers, on the rocks in White's bay, near Cork, may also be mentioned, both as a proof of the strength of iron, and of the value of compartments.

The length of the keel is two hundred and eighty-nine feet. Total length, three hundred and twenty-two feet. Beam fifty-one feet. Depth, thirty two feet six inches. Feet of water, when loaded, sixteen feet. Displacement, two thousand nine hundred and eighty-

four tons. Tonnage, by old measurement, three thousand four hundred and forty-three tons. Plates of keel nearly one inch thick. Plates of bottom varying to three-fourths of an inch at extremes, and to five-eighths generally. Top sides half an inch, and at the extreme aft seven-sixteenths. The ribs are framed of angle iron, six inches by three and a half inches, half inch thick, and seven-sixteenths. Distance of ribs, from centre to centre, amidships, fourteen inches, increasing to twenty-one inches at the ends.

Ten iron sleepers run from the engine room, gradually diminishing in number to the fore-end of the ship and under the boilers, the platform of which they support—in midships they are three feet three inches in depth, supported by angle irons in the form of inverted arches, and a short distance from each other.

She has five water-tight partitions. Stows twelve hundred tons of coal. One thousand tons of measurement. The engines weigh three hundred and forty tons. The boilers two hundred tons, and hold two thousand tons of water.

The main shaft is twenty-eight inches in diameter in the centre, and twenty-four inches in the bearings; in the rough, before turned, it weighed sixteen tons. It has been lightened by a hole of ten inches diameter bored through. A stream of cold water passes through the cranks and this hole when the engines are at work.

The screw shaft is in one long and two short or coupling parts. The part next the engine, solid, twenty-eight feet by sixteen inches diameter. The hollow intermediate shaft sixty-five feet, by two feet eight inches diameter. The screw part is twenty-five feet six inches, and also sixteen inches diameter. The total length is one hundred and thirty feet, and it weighs altogether thirty-eight tons. The screw is of six arms, fifteen feet six inches diameter, twenty-five feet pitch, and weighs four tons.

The main drum is eighteen feet diameter, and drives four chains, weighing seven tons. The screw shaft drum is six feet diameter, and the weight with the pull, when working, is equal to eighty-five tons on the bearings of the main shaft. The cylinders are four in number, eighty-eight inches each. Stroke, six feet. Power, one thousand horses. The condensers are of wrought iron, twelve feet by eight, and five deep. Under the whole space of the engines, up to the top, the angle irons are doubled.

The upper, main, and saloon decks are of wood, the two cargo decks are of iron. The officers and seamen are all accommodated on two decks under the forecastle.

From the ship's bottom to the upper deck, runs on either side, for the whole length of the engines and boiler space, a strong iron partition forming below the coal bunkers; and above, the servants' accommodations on one side, engineers' cabins and stokers' accommodations on the other, besides twenty-six water closets.

She has six masts, fitted with iron rigging, adopted in consequence of its offering two-thirds less resistance than hemp, a great point going head to wind. It was wished that five should have been the complement, but there was some difficulty in adjusting that number, and the alternative was either four or six. Economy of labor is a principle which has, in a great degree, affected the mode of rigging both the Great Western and the Great Britain. Nothing is so difficult to handle, under a variety of circumstances, as the sails of a steamer, unless the engine be stopped, which can never be allowed in Atlantic steaming, where onwards—and for ever onwards—is the rule. The greater the number of masts, the more handy the sails, and the smaller the number of seamen required to handle them. If these ships had been rigged as ships ordinarily are, the former would require a crew of more than one hundred seamen, and the latter that of a large frigate. Divided, as the canvass is, and reduced, the former only requires twenty seamen before the mast, while thirty are enough for the latter. In the Great Britain there is, in fact, but one sail, the square mainsail, which, under any circumstances, can require all hands to furl it. Five masts of the six are hinged for lowering, when, in the captain's judgment, contrary gales shall appear to have set in, as the westerlies do at certain seasons of the year, prevailing for months in the Atlantic. To a seaman's eye they have a look of insecurity; but if the strain which a fixed mast will stand is compensated by additional shrouding and stays, either in strength or quantity, the same end is attained. The

after masts could not be stepped in the ordinary manner, on account of the space occupied by the screw shaft. In theory, the principle of lowering is evidently right, because a steamship's masts and rigging, going head to wind, offer more resistance than the hull out of water, and there seems no reason to fear the result of practice.

The displacement of the Great Britain is less than three thousand tons when loaded, and with twelve hundred tons of coal on board, while the displacement of a first rate, with all stores on board, is better than four thousand five hundred tons, although the former is more than a third the longer ship. The form of the bottom, and the difference of ten feet in the draft of water, (the one drawing sixteen feet, the other five or six-and-twenty,) and the finer lines, cause this great difference in displacement, and, consequently, of the midship section. The Great Britain's midship section is, from the same causes, less than that of a fifty-two gun frigate, consequently, with the same quantity of canvass, the former should sail faster than the latter, even if their lines approached to similarity; but with the Great Britain's lines, more than one hundred feet longer than the frigate, and with equal stability, (of which there is no kind of doubt,) the speed in sailing alone should be much beyond that of the frigate, save when the winds are light, and the lofty sails of the frigate tell. The Great Britain, unless disabled in her machinery, will not use her canvass with a fair wind, unless it blows from a little gale up to a hurricane; all her sails, except the square and gaff-topsails, being really double thread number one canvass, or storm sails.

The plain sails of a fifty two gun frigate, that is, without counting royals, staysails, and steering sails, number something short of five thousand yards of canvass, and the plain sails, that is, omitting the steering sails, etc., of the Great Britain, amount to four thousand nine hundred and forty-three yards, or, in other words, they are alike in quantity. There are more points of sailing in which the centre of effort of the frigate's or square rigged ship's canvass will tell better, but there are some in which the low canvass of the steamer will have the advantage, and no steamer has any business with lofty spars or flying kites. If circumstances should bring the Great Britain to canvass alone, as her motive power, she will do as well or better than her neighbors, although the screw will stop her way perhaps fifteen per cent. In such an emergency the captain would disconnect it, and it would revolve then in the proportion due to the ship's way, or not impede her as if it were a fixture.

She carries four large life boats of iron, and two boats of wood, in the davits, and one large life boat on deck; they are built according to a patent, taken out by Mr. Guppy, and are capable of carrying four hundred people.

POPE ADRIAN IV AND KING HENRY II.

(From the Tablet.)

TAKE the first opportunity offered by the parliamentary recess to find room for the following, which has long stood over. We translate it from the Italian of our correspondent.

The *Times*, about the middle of April last, gave a letter which asserted that Henry II requested of the pope permission to conquer Ireland, assigning several reasons: "First, because it would be an infallible mean of bringing under the holy church that island, which, as yet, did not acknowledge its jurisdiction; and, a little lower, this letter said, "not but that that island had been Christian for many ages, but it did not acknowledge the authority of the pope;" and the *Acta Regia*

are quoted as proofs of these assertions. The writer goes on to add: "The history further informs us that King Henry conquered Ireland in 1172," &c.

It is not our present purpose to enter into any research concerning either the *Acta Regia* or the citations from it here quoted. We shall merely ask, in the first place, had Pope Adrian refused his permission to invade Ireland, would Henry, through respect to the holy see, and from the want of right to invade a country that did not belong to him, and by which he had not been offended, have abstained from the conquest of Ireland? The Roman pontiffs, from St. Peter, who had a Nero to deal with, even down to the now reigning pope, Gregory XVI, have always been in continual communication with emperors and kings; whence we may believe that, through his knowledge of the hearts of kings, and in order to support himself in the Roman see, Pope Adrian determined to accede to the request of King Henry; but leaving all this to the learning and discretion of the reader, and coming to that which is positive, we say that Pope Adrian did not grant Ireland to Henry, like a fold of sheep destined for the slaughter-house, but granted it under certain terms, laws, and conditions. Pope Adrian concluded with King Henry a social treaty on account of Ireland, laying, as his four corner-stones, four fundamental articles of his political edifice—the national constitution of Ireland. The pontiff, with the foresight of a sage, and the solicitude of a father, provided, as far as depended on him, for the safety and prosperity of Ireland, and the faculty or permission he gave was not given as an excitement to conquest; but, on the contrary, as a modification and subduing of the spirit of conquest. Let us see:

The first constitutional article provides for the *instruction of the ignorant*, and this is twice repeated in the bull. "As a good Catholic king, you project the instruction of ignorant people, and the civilization of the barbarous." . . . . . "You have apprised us, dear son, of your design of an expedition into Ireland to subdue the ignorance of that nation."

The second constitutional article provides for the protection of the church. Not of that Protestant church which was not then in existence, but of that church of God upon earth of which King Henry was a member and Pope Adrian the head. "To enlarge the church of God here upon earth as a good Catholic king."

The third fundamental article provides for the preservation of all the rights, privileges, goods, &c., which pertained to the ecclesiastical establishment then existing in Ireland. "And that you will maintain the rights of those churches without the least detriment or diminution." . . . . "Provided always that the rights of the church are inviolably preserved."

The fourth condition was: "To pay out of every house a yearly acknowledgment of one penny to St. Peter,"* conformably to holy writ, that religion being by the divine institution to be administered by men, dedicated to that service, and specially the great centre of that religion which was spread throughout the whole world, they should be aided and supported by the faithful in their temporal wants. "He who ministers at the altar should live by the altar."

Now, as to the proposition that Ireland had not acknowledged the authority of the pope before the time of Henry, we can not think of seriously discussing such a question. It may be sufficient to record that John Paparo, cardinal priest of St. Lawrence, in Damaso, was sent as legate into Ireland by Pope Eugene III, and brought with him four palls, which, in a synod held in March, 1152, he delivered to four archbishops, viz., Armagh, Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam. In this synod a certain number of suffragan bishops was allotted, and subjected to each archbishop, which, in the *census cameralis* are thus disposed:—Under the archbishop of Armagh: bishoprics at Connor, Down, Louth, Clonard, Kennemis, (?) Ardagh, Raphoe, Rathline, Duleek. Under the archbishop of Tuam: bishoprics at Mayo, Killala, Roscommon, Clonfert, Achonry, Clonmachois, Kilmaccough. Under the archbishop of Dublin: bishoprics at Glendalough, Ferns, Ossory, Leighlin, Kildare. Under the archbishop of Cashel: bishoprics at Killaloe, Limerick, Iniscatly, Fenabore, (?) Emly, Roscrea, Waterford, Lismore, Cloyne, Cork, Ross, Ardfert.

What a development of the authority of the primacy on the part of the Roman pontiff! What a manifestation of obedience and vene-

* Ecclesiastical History, &c., by Jeremy Collier. London, 1708, p. 345.

ration on the part of the episcopacy of Ireland!*

Henry, after the conquest, might have alleged that the pope had not authority to concede to him the conquest of Ireland, and that, therefore, the articles stipulated for in favor of Ireland in these bulls must remain without authority. But as Henry had no direct natural title to the conquest of Ireland, he would by such confession have annulled also the civil title as contracted for, and then the said conquest would have remained an acquisition without title, a possession, *de mala fide*, or at least without sufficient ground, the effect of which would have been the annihilation of the contract, the abandonment of the conquest, and *the restitution of things in their entirety*, as they stood before the conquest; because the conventional acts that an unjust conqueror performs during the time of his conquest with the conquered country generally suffer exception from natural equity, which in such circumstances is frequently violated by frauds, by craft, by force, and by the fear of the conquering power. It is manifest that we ought to distinguish between this and the rights flowing from a legitimate conquest, in which the fear felt by the conquered is a just consequence of a just humiliation; and conventions signed even under the influence of the fear of a just conqueror, are transactions consequent upon the ulterior evils and ulterior eventualities of an unjust resistance; and they establish a civil and natural right on the part of the just and conquering belligerent. So, in our case, the convention of Henry with the pope received also the concurrence of the nation itself; and the social compact or charter of Ireland was in such wise consolidated by the concert of the three contracting parties—Henry, Ireland, and the pope; and the pope retained the position of guarantee and supreme judge of the contract itself. As appears from the fact that in the very year of the conquest—"In his time, viz., in 1172, a synod was held at Cashel by the command of King Henry II, in which Christian O'Conarchy, the pope's legate, and bishop of Lismore, presided. Brompton, abbot of Jerval, in Yorkshire, informs us that King Henry received from every archbishop and bishop charters with their seals pendent; whereby they confirmed the kingdom to him and his heirs, and testified that they constituted him and his heirs kings and lords of Ireland for ever. To which Roger Hoveden adds, that the king sent a transcript of these charters to Pope Alexander, who by his apostolic authority confirmed the said kingdom to him and his heirs according to the letters of the archbishops and bishops.*

The presence of the pope's legate at this synod, the consent of the bishops, and the active part they took in it, demonstrates that all matters thereat concluded were done in conformity to the stipulation already agreed on in the bulls of Adrian. This synod also being assembled at the call of Henry, and his being present at it by his representatives, (among whom was Ralph, the abbot, another Ralph, the archdeacon, and Nicholas, his chaplain,) and Henry having after the synod sent the charters of the bishops to the pope, all prove that the bull of Pope Adrian to Henry was the touchstone by which Pope Alexander tried the deliberations of Henry and the synod after *the conquest*, and having found those deliberations conformable to the stipulations in the bull, he approved and confirmed them.

The bulls, therefore, of Pope Adrian to Henry ought to be considered not as mere historical curiosities, but as a political monument —they may be called the *Magna Charta* of Ireland. Such are the equity and the wisdom of this charter, and its provisions are so adapted to the conservative policy of the conquest, that, after so many ages, after so many profanations of the names of the popes and of their bulls, it is found necessary at the present day to return to the primary elements of those very bulls. "To subdue the ignorance of that nation"—"to the instruction of ignorant people."

* See the whole works of Sir James Ware concerning Ireland. In two volumes. Dublin, 1764. Vol. ii. p. 286.

* James Ware, vol. i. p. 468.

BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

THE recent commencement at Baltimore of an institution under the charge of brothers of the above mentioned order, affords a fit occasion for laying before our readers a sketch of its origin and usefulness, and a few remarks more particularly regarding its introduction into the United States.

The order of which we speak was founded by the Rev. John Baptist de la Salle, a secular priest of great learning and piety, who was born in France in 1651. In 1679 he established several charity schools, boarding the teachers in his own house, and exercising a general superintendence over them. The advantages of his institute becoming known, members of his community were solicited from several quarters, and with a view to supply them, he opened a noviciate at Rheims, another at Paris, and a third at Rouen. In 1684 he distributed his patrimony among the poor, and devoted himself entirely to the instruction of poor children, and to the consolidation of his institute, which was spreading with great rapidity. Six years after his death, which occurred in 1719, at Rouen, his congregation was approved by Benedict XIII, under the name which it now bears. A house of the order was immediately opened in Rome, and with the aid of influential persons, and by the eminent success of its devoted members, the institute soon numbered various establishments in several parts of the continent. But the desolating fury of the French revolution caused the suspension of this noble work in France, and led to the total suppression of the order. The storm, however, had no sooner passed away, when the schools of the brothers were re-opened, and so rapidly did they extend their benevolent efforts, that, in 1829, they possessed no less than two hundred and ten establishments, with a force of more than fifteen hundred members. In Paris alone there were sixty houses.

In 1802 a society was commenced in Ireland through the zealous and munificent efforts of Mr. Edward Rice, who proposed to himself, in behalf of the poor children of Waterford, something very similar to the Brothers of the Christian schools. At first his exertions met with some delay and opposition, but the utility of his design eventually suggested itself to those in authority, and he was liberally encouraged in his undertaking, particularly by the bishop of Waterford. In 1819 the number of houses in the south of Ireland amounted to seven. The following year the society was confirmed by his Holiness Pope Pius VII, under the name of "Religious Brothers." Since that time the number of schools has considerably increased. In 1843 the institute had nineteen houses, one hundred and five members, fifty-eight schools, and about ten thousand persons under instruction. Of the nineteen houses, seven are in England and one in Sydney. This is a perfectly distinct order from that originally founded by Dr. de la Salle, but we have mentioned it here on account of its differing but very little from the latter in its rules and constitutions.

The following extracts from the rules laid down by Mr. de la Salle, will exhibit the object and spirit of the institute which he established.

"That all the members labor, in the first place, for their own perfection; and, in the second, for that of their neighbor, by a serious application to the instruction of male children, especially the poor, in the principles of Christian religion and piety."

"The brothers should recollect that the instruction of poor children is the great object of their institution, and, for which, through the mercy of God, the institute has been particularly raised up. They should always teach them gratis: nor can they receive from them or their parents any thing by way of retribution for their education, but shall content themselves with the glorious recompense promised

to all, 'who instruct many unto justice.' This gratuitous instruction of the poor is one of their vows."—*Rules*, c. i, § 3.

"The spirit of this institute is an ardent zeal for the instruction of children, for rearing them up in the fear and love of God," &c.—*Ibid.* c. ii, § 12.

"The Brothers shall teach the children, in the way of science, such things as are befitting them . . . . . But, above all things, the Brothers are to recollect that the instruction of the children in piety and religion is the great and main end of their institute . . . . . They shall cherish a tender affection for all the scholars, particularly the poorest, &c."—*Ibid.* c. 6, § 1, 2, 5.

"These pious laymen have proposed to themselves the following end, viz. the gratuitous instruction of poor children, in the rudiments of the Christian faith, and whatever else may be adapted to their state and condition."—*Brief of Pius VII.*

"These rules or constitutions are as follow, viz. 1st, that these religious Brothers . . . . shall make it their principal care to teach children, particularly the poor, the things necessary for a Christian life; and that the main end and spirit of the institute must be an anxious solicitude to educate youth according to the maxims of the Christian law . . . 5. The Brothers shall teach the children gratis, never accepting any thing as a reward or retribution either from them or their parents."—*Ibid.*

"The Brothers," says the Dublin Review, November, 1840, "are bound by the three religious vows of obedience, chastity, and poverty, to which a fourth is added, of firm perseverance in the institute, and a fifth, peculiar to themselves, of the gratuitous instruction of the poor. They live together in communities consisting of as many members as the general wants of the society may allow, or the necessities of the district in which they are situated may demand; and subject to certain rules of conduct admirably suited to preserve among them the piety and the detachment from secular engagements so necessary for securing the confidence and respect of the people among whom they live, and to keep alive the spirit of devoted zeal which the effective discharge of the laborious and irksome task of elementary instruction so largely requires. Each house is placed under the immediate control of a brother-director, appointed for a limited number of years, to whom the management of the funds and the general superintendence of the Brothers themselves, and of the scholars are entrusted. The superior-general is elected by the secret suffrages of the directors of the several houses. His office, which, according to the first constitution, lasted but for ten years, is, by a more recent enactment, to continue for life; and he is assisted in the government of the order by two others, chosen in the same manner as he is himself, and dwelling always in the same house with him. Thus is there a compact body of men united together by common laws, under a common head, and animated by a common spirit, for the attainment of a simple end,—and that end one of the best to which the loftiest desires can be sacrificed, or the brightest genius directed. The steady resolve of every member is first tested, in the course of preparatory training, and afterwards confirmed, by the deliberate and solemn promise which he makes, upon his admission, of persevering in the order: and the paths of ambition, which superior wisdom or superior talents might open to some, in the ways of ecclesiastical preferment, are effectually closed, by an explicit enactment of the pope, forbidding the brothers to aspire to the priesthood or any orders whatever. One of the most abundant sources of neglect, or of something worse, in the schools of the poor, is that the teachers are for the most part persons who take up the office of instructor, as a last resource from the pangs of absolute poverty or of the drudgery, to them equally intolerable, of active labor; or they are those who take it up as a means of temporary employment and support, until an opportunity is presented of embarking in some more lucrative or respectable trade. Men, with such views, have no love for their profession: they go through its duties as through a hated task, the prospect of whose speedy termination is all that cheers them on; their minds are sordid and contracted, and they do not feel the importance of the trust committed to them, or their ambition stretches beyond the present narrow sphere, and they despise the occupation which serves only as a step whereby to climb to a higher place. Hence it is that even of the poor children, who spend a sufficient time at school, so few are much improved, and so many are

hardly improved at all. Hence so much fine intellect, which, if properly cultivated, might become a source of comfort and of fortune, is to its possessor and to society, a fruitless, if not a dangerous gift. But the Brothers of the Christian Schools become teachers, not from necessity, but from choice. Their energies are kept always active by the only stimulant which is unwasted by frequent application, uninfluenced by change of time or place, unsubdued by hardship, unwearied by fatigue, unbribed by gain—by the stimulant of deep, disinterested religious feeling. As disengagement from pursuits of avarice and from the narrowing ties of domestic attachment gives to the charity of the priest a free and ample range, so are the offices of an humbler sphere, and more earthly nature, benefited by a similar freedom in those upon whom they devolve.

"Of the mode of living pursued by the Brothers during the time not devoted to professional duties, it is only necessary to state, briefly, that their hour of rising is five o'clock each morning, throughout the year; after which, about three quarters of an hour are devoted to exercises of devotion. The schools are opened at nine, and closed at three. Dinner commences at half past three; after dinner, the time is spent until nine, partly in recreation, partly in short spiritual exercises, and partly in reading literary or religious books. On Wednesday the Brothers, after dinner, walk out in the country, until half-past seven; and on Saturday, which is always vacant, they walk out in the country, in like manner, at some convenient time, between breakfast and dinner. When the inclemency of the weather prevents the usual walk on Wednesday, the next favorable evening is selected.

"No one is admitted into the institute before the sixteenth or seventeenth year of his age, and no one can make his simple perpetual vows, until he has completed his one-and-twentieth year. The young candidate, besides unexceptionable testimonials of a virtuous life, must also possess considerable knowledge of an elementary kind, and exhibit proofs of a capacity that, with due cultivation, will make him afterwards a useful member. After his admission, he is placed under the direction of the master of novices, and, for the space of one year, engaged in a course of uninterrupted study. During all this first period of probation, he receives frequent lectures on the art of teaching, the different modes to be adopted, according to the age or temper or capacity of the pupil, and the faults to be avoided. Among the novices, from one to two hours is, under the inspection of an experienced Brother, devoted, each day, to mutual examination and instruction, on the several branches of science and literature usually taught in the schools. The year of novitiate completed, the candidate is sent to one of the houses, where his application becomes still more protracted and laborious—not less than nine hours being daily consumed between oral instruction and private study—until, in the tardy judgment of his superiors, he is deemed in every way sufficiently qualified to enter on the office of public teaching. It frequently happens that the young Brothers pass from six to ten years in these preparatory exercises, before they become members of the institute; and even after that, a certain time is, as we have seen, devoted to useful reading, for four or five days of every week. All, of course, are not subjected to such a long and trying ordeal, because for all it is not necessary."

Having thus briefly exhibited the character of the order, we shall add a few words in relation to its establishment at Baltimore. Circumstances having rendered it necessary, in 1842, to remove the free-school, attached to the cathedral, to a more eligible locality, it was deemed advisable to erect a large and commodious building for the purpose, and at the same time, with the approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop, it was designed by the Rev. Mr. White, then rector of the cathedral, to place the institution, at its re-opening, under the direction of brothers of the Christian schools, if they could be procured. With this view he made a diligent inquiry relative to the most effectual mode of securing their services, and being satisfied that, in consequence of the already large and constantly increasing demand for members of the institute, it would be difficult to obtain them without placing a few young men in one of their houses, for the purpose of being formed to the spirit and duties of the order, he selected two among the youth of the cathedral congregation, who seemed to have a vocation for that life, and conducted

them to Montreal, Lower Canada, where the Brothers had for several years been pursuing their charitable labors.* The two candidates entered this institution in July, 1842, and, in view of the favorable dispositions which they manifested, as well as the desire expressed by the director of the establishment to extend its usefulness, there was reason to hope that, in the course of a year, the school in Baltimore would possess the advantage of being conducted by the Christian Brothers. To the accomplishment of this, however, new obstacles presented themselves. One of the young men whom the Rev. Mr. White had placed in the institution, at Montreal, was soon compelled to leave Canada, his health having greatly suffered from the severity of the climate, which threatened rapidly to undermine his naturally delicate constitution. The field of labor also in that country having increased in a ratio which rendered it impossible to furnish any tutors for an establishment abroad, all that could be obtained by the Rev. Mr. White, on a second visit to Canada in the summer of 1843, was to obtain additional assurances of assistance, as soon as it would be practicable, to awaken an increased solicitude in behalf of the Catholic youth of Baltimore, and to induce the superior of the institution at Montreal to visit the metropolitan city a few months after, with a view to make the necessary arrangements for the accommodation of the Brothers, as soon as Providence would enable them to open a house in the United States. Upon the return of Brother Aidant, the superior at Montreal, he led us to believe that the following year a sufficient number of tutors could be furnished for the school in Baltimore. But the numerous applications which had been previously made for the Brothers throughout the church, and particularly in Canada, still opposed the execution of the project. In the meantime an excellent school, under the care of lay teachers, was conducted at Calvert Hall† for the youth of the cathedral congregation. It was opened in September, 1843, and was superintended by the Rev. H. B. Coskery, who had succeeded the Rev. Mr. White in the rectorship. In the early part of the summer of this year Bro. Francis, one of the candidates who had gone to Montreal three years before, was advised by the physicians to return to Baltimore, his health having been much impaired by the rigid climate of the north, and this circumstance was considered, by his spiritual superiors, as a favorable opportunity for commencing the labors of the Christian Brothers in this city. The preparatory steps were immediately taken by the Rev. Mr. Coskery, and in the course of the last month two other Brothers arrived from Montreal, and entered at once, with Brother Francis, upon the duties of the new establishment.

Connected with the school in Baltimore is a novitiate for the reception of such young men as desire to embrace a religious life, and devote themselves to the Christian education of youth. Among the various experiments which have been made in this country, with such partial success, for the education of young persons, and particularly those of the more indigent classes, it is truly gratifying to behold in our midst the commencement of an institution, which will be likely to apply a remedy to the evils that have been, and are still complained of. We look upon the establishment that has just been opened at Baltimore as destined to form an era in the annals of education, and of Christian piety in the United States; for we may hope, not presumptuously, that it will become, with the blessing of Providence, the nursery of a numerous and devoted band of men, who will spread themselves, far and wide, over the country, to labor truly in the great cause of education, and to instruct the rising generation in that two-fold knowledge which will render them good Christians and useful citizens.

For the information of the reader, we will here subjoin a statistical account of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, throughout the church, to the beginning of the year 1843. We have not been able to collect more recent data, which would, no doubt, carry the estimate much higher.

The number of houses amounted to three hundred and ninety, distributed as follows:—France, three hundred and twenty-six; Isle of

*Rev. Mr. Gildea, late pastor of St. Vincent's church, Baltimore, also contemplated, about this time, the introduction of the Brothers into his parish, and with this view he placed three young men in the institution at Montreal. But the austerity of the order and other circumstances concurred to frustrate his zealous and charitable efforts, by leading the candidates to abandon their original design.

†The new building erected for the school, and for other purposes.

Bourbon, four; Italy, thirteen; Piedmont, eleven; Savoy, fourteen; Belgium, seventeen; Switzerland, two; Greece, two; Canada, one; (United States, one.) The number of schools was six hundred and forty-two, employing three thousand and thirty brothers, with the exception of forty-two, who were engaged in the charitable service of three prisons. Besides these, the institute possessed five hundred and eighty-five novices. The number of scholars under instruction was one hundred and seventy-one thousand five hundred, of whom seven thousand eight hundred were adults. W.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

ITALY.—*Roman Prisons.*—Whatever may be the defects politically of the time-honored government of the Papal States, (and what system of human government has not defects?) it is yet admitted on all hands by the intelligent and well-informed that the papal rule within the states of the church is parental and mild beyond that of any country in Europe. So far is this characteristic of mildness a marked trait of the Roman government, that among statesmen and writers it has been deemed a glaring defect, and taken as an evidence of want of energy and even of decay. By reason of its moderation, that government has been stigmatized, with what is doubtless intended by infidels and pseudo-patriots, as an epithet of contempt, namely, as the "imbecile rule of priests."

Italian revolutionists are fully aware of this, and are emboldened by that knowledge in the prosecution of their incendiary schemes and violent attempts at revolution. The other governments of Italy make thorough work with the mock patriot. He meets with but little mercy at their hands, and almost instant imprisonment, exile or death is the reward of conspiracy. Not so with the civil authority of Rome. It passes stringent regulations, indeed, but when the victim of violated law is bound, and the knife prepared, the executive arm hesitates in compassion and forbears to strike. This may be deemed *weak* forbearance, and, although a mercy to the transgressor, as a wrong towards the innocent and peaceful subject. In consequence, while other Italian powers have enjoyed a state of comparative repose, the states of the church have been constantly threatened with plots and secret cabal, and agitated by conspiracy.

It is surprising, therefore,—we may say unaccountable—to hear on every side, from the press, the sectarian assembly, aye! even the pulpit, allusions to Roman dungeons, inquisitions and racks, urged in every strain of hyperbole and exaggeration. The recitals, as advanced in the columns of the organs of sect, sometimes exhibit infantile imbecility to such a degree that they become the source of merriment alone. We can not even say of them:

> "*Hyperboles* so daring and so bold,
> Disdaining bounds, are yet by rules controlled."

They have no moderation, and are kept within no "rules," except, perhaps, those of interest.

The following sapient allusion to "Roman prisons" is taken from the August number of a paper published at the capital, called the *Washington Investigator*, and edited by a Mr. Polk.

"Can any one tell whether Bishop Reze, late of Detroit, has been released or not from his confinement in Rome? On going to Rome, a few years ago, he is said to have fallen under ecclesiastical censure, and to have been imprisoned. We have conversed with an American gentleman, now high in the government, who was there at the time, and conversed with the American consul on the subject of Bishop Reze's confinement, and the consul, it seems, refused to investigate the matter, because it was a *religious* difficulty between the bishop and the church. A shameful excuse, we may say, for an American consul to plead, when the personal liberty of an American citizen was the subject. If Bishop Reze chose to change some part of his religious faith at Detroit, as he had a right by law to do, what right has *a foreign prince* to call him to account and imprison him for it? And what does an American consul deserve for unfeelingly abandoning him to his fate? Our consul at Rome should be any thing but a papist."

This paragraph (being of the suitable stamp) is selected by the *Commercial Advertiser*, and one other paper of this city, we believe the *Journal of Commerce*, as a fine platform for another onslaught upon the Catholics. The *Commercial* published the above comments in character. It gives a wound with one hand, and with the other plays the *quack* in a cunning attempt at sewing it up *awry*. It admits the *fact*, as stated by the Washington paper, and thus does all the injury within its power. Its subsequent rigmarole remarks can surely only have been em-

ployed as a sort of blind; they at least furnish a specimen of the peculiar moonshine in which the editor of that paper so much luxuriates. We are sorry we can not afford space for them. The Commercial never once thinks of pausing to ascertain the fact of an "imprisonment," which never had taken place except in the imagination of Mr. Polk of the Investigator. If the editor had checked his "anti-popery" propensities long enough for a brief inquiry, he would have ascertained that the "confinement" of the "bishop" never had existence except in that peculiar corner of dream-land denominated "no where."

To our certain knowledge the Rt. Rev. Dr. Reze, *now* titular bishop of Detroit, never was imprisoned at Rome, is not now there, and has not been there since the spring of 1841, at which time he left for Germany, where he now resides *voluntarily* in a religious house, we believe one belonging to his order, the Franciscan. Will the editor of the Commercial be good enough to get "perpendicular as regards his facts," in some approaching number of his paper?

While upon the subject, we may as well amuse our readers, and indulge the Commercial, with a story, rather better than the one from the Investigator, about "Roman prisons." The principal difference between the tales is that one is built on sand, whilst the circumstance in ours actually happened. We had it personally from the gentleman who was the victim of the *delusion*.

Some few years since, a young American gentleman, a Protestant, upon a tour in Europe, visited Rome. In the course of liberal studies he had conceived a desire to investigate the grounds of the ancient faith, an inclination rather spurred on by a glance at the old Catholic institutions of Europe, and nourished by the sublime religious associations of the eternal city. He abode in Rome, in daily association with American acquaintances and intimates drawn thither by a common but not similarly appreciated attraction. The desires and doubts which oppressed his mind, placed him ill at ease, and he cast about him for some quiet and holy retreat from the numbers with which the city of Peter abounds, where he might calm his mind by refreshing study, consult at leisure his doubts, and seek the truth by patient thought and investigation. Upon request, and as an especial favor granted but to very few, he was allowed to pass his retreat or retirement from the gay scenes of Rome in which he had moved, and which were unsuitable to the discovery of the all-important treasure he had in view, at the "Gesu," a house of the Jesuits, long noted and familiar to every stranger at Rome. He established himself at the Gesu quietly, so as to avoid interruption from visiters, and entered upon the prosecution of his cherished design. He was soon missed, however, from the circle of his American friends, one of which circle, his intimate, was deputed to find out and deliver him from bondage. The gentleman called at the Gesu, but was denied. He took his departure, "looking daggers," and muttering words of strange import. It was afterwards mentioned to our friend and informant, that a gentleman had called and inquired for him, but, upon being denied, had gone away in seeming resentment. Apprehending who it might be, and lest erroneous impressions should arise from the refusal in the mind of his visiter, he took pains to have him sent for to see him very soon after. The gentleman again called, had a long interview with our informant in the room appropriated to his use while at the house of the good fathers. The visiter was assured in the most emphatic terms by the sojourner at the Gesu, that he was not in the least under restraint, that he had come there voluntarily, had been allowed to remain there as a favor upon his own solicitation, that the doors were open, and he was at perfect liberty to depart at any moment he chose. After his visit was over, the guest departed, silent indeed, but evidently not exactly convinced and but ill at ease. The rest is soon told. The inquiring friend, upon return to the anxious circle, intimated "a harrowing tale" of mental if not bodily restraint, the inquisition, Jesuit influence, &c. &c. Letters were thereupon written to the family of our misrepresented friend. That worthy family was thrown into consternation, and a younger brother of the supposed prisoner, in the height of his fraternal resentment, entertained the project of chartering there is no telling how many vessels of war, and bringing "*diplomatic*" as well as other dangerous missiles to bear upon his holiness and the eternal city. Our friend is now in this country, his doubts at an end, his faith at length based upon the rock of Peter, and, moreover, with deeply grateful recollections of his *Roman prison*. Strange to say, however, some members of his family to this day, and among others the *deputed* visiting friend aforesaid, are not entirely satisfied that, while in the old, massive, venerable building of the Gesu at Rome, he was not in some way under restraint from the good Jesuit fathers by express command of Pope Gregory.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

Rome.—It is said that the lanternino and roof of St. Peter's are in a state of ruin, and require instant repair. The restoration of the ancient basilica of St. Paul, on the Ostia-road, and which was destroyed by fire some years since, is almost completed. An English company has just made a proposition to the papal government for deepening the Tiber. It demands neither payment nor indemnity, hoping to repay itself by the monuments of antiquity which it expects to find in the bed of the river.—*Tablet.*

GERMANY.—*Ronge.*—A letter from Halberstadt, in Prussia, of the 9th, says, "M. Ronge preached here to-day, in the court of the cathedral. As he terminated his sermon with the words 'Rome must and will fall,' a Catholic exclaimed, 'And you also, heretic,' and then advanced to Ronge, with the intention of throwing a stone at him; but another Catholic, who was near the preacher, prevented this, and knocked the offender down with a stick. A great tumult then ensued, and the troops were called out, and forced to use their arms. It is said that several persons were severely wounded. Before peace could be restored, the partisans of Ronge had pulled to the ground the house of the man who had menaced him."—*Times.* After Ronge descended from his pulpit, a young man struck him, with a stick, a violent blow on the back. The abbé immediately fell on the ground. The abbé got up and ran away, but soon afterwards was further ill-treated by several other men; and it was only with great difficulty, and through the protection afforded him by a great number of his friends, that he succeeded in gaining the hotel he lodged at. Some moments after a crowd of his partisans walked through the streets of the town, and threw stones at the windows of the houses they thought to be inhabited by Roman Catholics. The police put all their agents on foot to appease the tumult, but their efforts were useless; the rioters breathed only rage and vengeance. The military were called out, some detachments of infantry and cavalry appeared, and after having ordered the rebels to retire, which was not obeyed, the troops charged them, and blood flowed in abundance. The German Catholics went in crowds to the Rue de la Digne, where dwelt the salesman who had endeavored to throw a stone at Abbé Ronge; they barricaded themselves in this narrow street, and demolished, from top to bottom, the house of this individual. It was only then they separated, and that tranquillity was re-established in Halberstadt. The number of the killed and wounded is not at present known; that of the persons arrested is upwards of one hundred and fifty. The royal court of Magdeburg has instituted an inquiry into the affair, and will judge it when the inquiry has terminated. There have been tremendous disturbances at Leipsic too, arising out of the same cause as this, at Halberstadt. A letter from Leipsic, dated the 13th, says: "Blood flows within the peaceful walls of our city. Around us are dead and wounded, who have fallen a sacrifice to the ball of the military. Yesterday Prince John came here to review the civic guard. He had already been very coolly received at Chemnitz, and even here opinion was early put forth against him. The reason of this was understood to be the report circulated respecting his reserve and reluctance to the establishment of the German Catholic community, which, probably, was the more readily adopted on account of the dissatisfaction which his conduct in the late diet had occasioned. He has sent his son, too, to another university, a step which is by no means liked here; and, finally, an unfavorable influence is ascribed to him as to the ministry of worship. The opinion hereby produced was made manifest yesterday noon on the exercise ground by repeated huzzas for Ronge, and in spite of calls made by the Commandant Haase, scarcely fifty voices gave *vivats* for the prince. Many arrests speedily followed. Though the excitement was very great, people did not suppose that the worst was yet to come. About nine o'clock a great multitude assembled in War-horse-place, in front of the Prussian hotel, where the prince usually alights. The tattoo was loudly beat, and the people as loudly expressed their opinions. The crowd in front of the hotel, on the appearance at the balcony, gave three loud shouts for Ronge, and the favorite songs of the Catholic reformers were sung. The attitude of the mob was extremely vehement. The tumult continued, and all the windows in the prince's hotel were broken. The party of military here, amounting to only two hundred men, were brought out at ten o'clock. When they came to War-horse-place the square was speedily cleared, but the masses continued in the adjoining streets. The people began to separate; but though they were thrice summoned to disperse by the military, the dispersion could not very speedily take place. Five rounds of musketry were fired, when nine were killed, and ten severely wounded, besides numbers who were slightly, by the cross-firing from the hotel. The commandant was Colonel Susmilch. Persons attracted to the spot by curiosity suffered most while they were endeavoring to disperse. The promenading places were now pretty quiet. The excitement, however, was not suppressed, but rather strengthened. The masses collected in the city, and on the promenades about War-horse-place. The cries of rage were frightful. At length the prince ordered the civic guards to be called out; and at half-past eleven the 'appel' was beat. Had this been done at first, the tumult would have been kept down, and we should not have had so many human lives to lament."

Leipsic is described as tranquil at the latest date. Fourteen persons killed in the riots had been buried, and their funeral was fully attended, but no evil consequence followed.—*Tablet.*

It only remains, says the *English Churchman*, to mention that although some of the Protestant sovereigns, and especially the king of Saxony, were at first supposed to look favorably upon the movement, they now barely tolerate, and certainly give it no encouragement. This is doubtless, in a great measure, owing to the loudly

expressed joy of all classes of radicals and communists, and, as declared by the king of Hanover, the fear that it may in some way or other produce a disturbance of the public peace. They have therefore been refused the right of baptizing and marrying in their own congregations, and are directed to apply to the Protestant clergy, for the performance of these rights. In Prussia a royal edict has prohibited the practice of granting to them the use of Protestant churches, although some municipal councils maintain their right of doing so, and that of Dantzig has not only given up to the German Catholics the ancient cathedral of that town, but has even voted an annual stipend to the newly appointed priest out of the public funds. To the king of Prussia we must allow the credit of being actuated by higher motives. He has the penetration to discern that a movement commenced with schism, and carried on by popular excitement, can not produce the fruits of a healthy and judicious reformation, and, Protestant as he is, would rather see his subjects good Catholics, than unbelievers and rationalists. That the latter must and is intended to be the result, two incidents will clearly prove. The congregation formed at Wismar published previously to the council at Leipzig; the creed of which they have since accepted as not inconsistent with their own, a separate confession of their faith, in which they expressly deny the doctrines of the Trinity, of the Holy Ghost, and of the resurrection. The other incident is not less significant. A feast was given at Halle, to celebrate the formation in that town of a German Catholic congregation. Kerbler, until lately a Roman Catholic priest, now chosen to be their minister by the German Catholics at Leipzig, and regarded as, with Ronge and Czerski, one of the leaders of the party, rose to propose a toast. It was to the health of Ulrich, the notorious chairman of the association of "Protestant Friends," the Protestant clergyman who in a public assembly avowed that his tenets were unscriptural, who in his published "confessions" has declared, that the association, at the head of which he stands, "seeks to make prevalent a form of Christianity, in which all parties among Protestants, in which Protestants, Catholics, and Greeks, in which Christians and Jews, may feel themselves to agree with one another."

In fine, it is evident that while the Catholic government openly opposes, the Protestant princes will not support, the new schism. But still it is strong in numbers, strong in popular opinion, above all, in energy and zeal. What the end may be it is impossible to foresee; probably it will share the fate of the "French Catholic church," projected in 1830, by the Abbe Chatel. In the meanwhile it has, we fear, delayed rather than advanced the prospect of any sound reform in the Roman Catholic church; and it has undoubtedly given a new impulse to rationalism among the Protestant bodies, and rendered even more vain than before any hope that they will return to a pure faith, to an apostolical constitution, and to a renewed communion with the Catholic church.—*English Churchman.*

FRANCE.—We are happy in being able to inform our readers that the father general of the Jesuits, although accountably averse still to any official contradiction of this great official falsehood, has directed letters to be written privately by that excellent Catholic layman, Mr. Charles Weld, now at Rome, to various friends of the society here, in which Mr. Weld, repeating the substance of an hour's private conversation with the general, positively states, that not only M. Guizot's official statement, but every other one which has appeared, in the newspapers or elsewhere, on the subject of M. Rossi and his mission, is utterly false; false in every detail, and false alike to the letter and spirit. Mr. Weld is authorised by the general to state that no concession whatsoever was made to M. Rossi, either by the pope or the general—that he utterly failed with both—and that every request he made was unequivocally and without compromise rejected. This is a good intelligence indeed, however tardy; but we must repeat that we could have wished it to have been communicated to the world in a more official manner; or, at all events, that the acts of the French Jesuits had not been of such a character and so timid, as to serve in some degree to corroborate the words of the French minister.

IRELAND.—The government has dismissed from the deputy lieutenancy of the county Antrim and from the magistracy, James Watson, Esq., for having called on the Orangemen to re-organize, now that the laws passed against the society have expired. It has likewise superseded Jas. Power, Esq. M. P. of county Wexford, in the commission of the peace for that county, because he attended a repeal demonstration.

Mr. O'Connell and the Repeal Association are taking measures to return 60 repeal members to the next parliament.

A great meeting of the Orangemen of Ulster took place at Enniskillen on the 12th ult. It was a failure. Instead of 100,000, as their papers anticipated, scarcely 5,000 were present. Scarcely any of the gentry attended. All passed off in peace.—*U. S. Cath. Miscellany.*

The New Colleges.—A deputation from Armagh, consisting of the Most Rev. Dr. Crolly, Roman Catholic primate, and Messrs. Dobbin, Paton, and Robinson, had an interview with the lord lieutenant, at the Viceregal Lodge, this day, to present a memorial representing the great advantages which that ancient city possessed, as the most suitable site for the new college in Ulster. The claims and

peculiar recommendations of Armagh were set forth in the memorial, and earnestly urged by the primate and the other members of the deputation. His excellency, who received the deputation most graciously, stated that he would take special care to place the arguments in favor of Armagh before Sir R. Peel, and that he felt assured the claims of that city would receive the fairest and most impartial consideration.—*Tablet.*

SWITZERLAND.—The *State Gazette* publishes an official account of the investigations carried on for the discovery of the murderer of M. Leu. All idea of his death having been caused by his own hand is completely abandoned.

The Swiss diet assembled at Zurich on the 4th, and rejected the motion of Argovia for expelling the Jesuits by a majority twelve to ten. The question will be again brought forward next session.

The Jesuit question was discussed in the diet on the 4th and 5th instant. On the 4th M. Franscini (Tessino) said that the instructions of his state, which was altogether Catholic, and inviolably attached to the holy see, laid down the principle that the question under discussion had become a federal one. The state of Tessino felt neither leaning nor aversion to the Jesuits, but it could not shut its eyes to the historical fact that wherever that body succeeded in obtaining a firm footing, they never failed to exercise their dominion over the people, clergy, and government The hon. deputy here alluded to the eulogiums always bestowed on the Jesuits by the deputy of Friburgh, and contrasted with such praise the reprobation which they had met with in so many states in Europe. He compared the wretched position of the states of Italy where they were tolerated, with the great prosperity enjoyed by the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, which no longer permitted Jesuits to remain there. Articles one and eight of the federal pact gave the federal authorities power to take such measures as might be requisite for the common safety. The present question was of that nature, and he trusted that the diet would come to some decisive resolution on the point, and not again give the world an example of its impuissance.

M. Briatte (Vaud) considered the subject to have been already abundantly discussed, and that further remarks would not change the opinion of any one. The events that had passed since the extraordinary diet had only confirmed the canton which he represented in the opinion that a decision against the Jesuits could alone restore peace and union to the republic. He concluded by calling on the diet to act with decision and vigor, and expel the body in question.

M. De Courten (Valais) denied the competency of the diet to interfere in the Jesuit question. The only persons that could be injured by the present proceedings were the authors of the present attack. The reception and maintenance of a religious order was purely cantonal, and the Catholics would never submit to the expulsion of the Jesuits, without admitting as a consequence that the Protestant cantons possessed a right to interfere in the choice of the ministers of the Catholic religion. He had, in the name of his state, to protest against the interference of the diet in the question.

Sitting of August 5.—The second day's proceedings lasted six hours, and were even more animated than the preceding ones.

Mr. Brocher (Geneva), without attempting to deny the inconveniences arising from the presence of the Jesuits, declared himself of opinion that the diet ought not to interfere against them. He did not question the competency of the diet, and proposed that, if Lucerne persisted in maintaining the Jesuits, there should be attached to her, during the period of her being Vorort, a council of representatives, as allowed by art. 9 of the federal pact.

M. Furrer (Zurich), president of the diet, concluded the general discussion, by summing up the arguments brought forward on both sides.

After this address, the free discussion was opened by a brilliant speech from the Avoyer Neuhaus, of Berne, in refutation of the arguments of the Ultramontane party, and strongly in favor of the immediate expulsion of the Jesuits. The deputies of Friburg, Schwitz, Uri, and Uterwald, replied at great length to this speech.

As to the general result of the votes, the order of the day remained in a small minority, which leaves the question in *statu quo*, not permitting it to be brought forward before next session.

The *Journal des Debats* publishes a letter from Zurich, of the 7th instant, which would seem to indicate that Switzerland was on the eve of a new civil war. The free corps, says the writer, burn to take revenge. The chiefs who secretly organized and commanded the last expedition, the Snells, Steigers, Ochsenbein, Koller, and others, are indefatigable in their exertions and intrigues. The Bernese population, in particular, regard the defeat of the free corps as a stain on their military glory, and are anxious to wipe it off. In short, the recollections of the religious wars of old are revived, and Switzerland appears to have retrograded to the 16th and 17th centuries. The following fact will give you an idea of the feelings in that canton. In a village contiguous to the frontier of Lucerne a bell, cast in honor of the free corps, was inaugurated a few days ago. The ceremony was celebrated with unusual pomp, in presence of an immense concourse of people. The bell was christened *Sans peur* (fearless). Speeches breathing the most revolutionary and fanatical spirit were delivered, in which the orators declared that "the bell

would soon sound the battle, and the extermination of the people of Lucerne." A political association, calling itself the "Confederation of the People," has been formed under the ægis of the radical governments of Berne, Argau, Vaud, and Soleure, with a view to combat the Jesuits and their adherents. That association is directed by a central committee, having under its orders cantonal and other inferior committees, and its decrees are rapidly transmitted from one end of Switzerland to the other, and blindly obeyed. The idea of this association, as well as the *chasse aux Jesuites*, belongs to a German political refugee, named Snell, who has been mixed up in all the movements of the country for many years, and who wishes to bring Switzerland under a central radical government, for the purpose of revolutionizing afterwards the neighboring countries. The last revolution in the canton of Vaud was effected by that association, and the invasion of Lucerne by the free corps was also directed by its leaders. Sooner or later the government will be compelled to adopt measures against that association. The real crisis will then commence, and those who are best acquainted with the state of the public mind in the canton of Berne are of opinion that the association will come off victorious. Once master of the government, they will soon find a pretext to declare war against Lucerne, and to march in a mass into the interior of Switzerland. The month of September is said to have been fixed upon for that purpose. In the meantime, Lucerne is preparing for the struggle, as well as the lesser cantons. The exasperation is still greater in that portion of the country than even in the radical cantons. A most determined resistance will be offered by them to the invaders, and a traveller just arrived thence assured me that the people were ready to run every risk to retain the most precious of blessings—the liberty acquired by the blood of their ancestors. The warlike spirit that formerly animated those mountaineers is again roused. They remember how often they defeated the Austrian princes. They have not forgotten that the canton of Schwytz alone withstood, in 1798, the attack of the French army under Brune, and that the republican general was obliged to offer an honorable capitulation to a handful of shepherds. In the canton of Uri the young women have for several weeks practised firing at marks with carbines. They have told their fathers and husbands, "When the drum shall beat, you will fly to the assistance of your brethren of Lucerne, and we will remain to defend our homes." You must not suppose that the mountaineers of internal Switzerland are a fanaticised people, as they are sometimes described, or that they are mere instruments in the hands of the Jesuits. Few of them ever saw one of the holy fathers; "it is not" for their sake that they are about to risk their lives. It is of little concern to them by what professors theology is taught at Lucerne. They openly condemn the imprudent conduct of that canton, but they know very well that the introduction of the Jesuits is a mere pretext invoked by the radicals to overturn the conservative government, to place the majority of the people of Lucerne under the control of the minority, to destroy the federal compact, and to found an Unitarian republic which would render the lesser cantons the vassals of their more powerful neighbors. To this those proud mountaineers will not submit; and, rather than undergo that humiliation and the ruin of their independence, they will, at the signal, rise like one man, and in a few days their blood will flow in the same valleys where the valor of their ancestors gave birth to the liberty of Switzerland.

The diet has acceded to the demand of the radical cantons by ordering that the indemnity of Lucerne (130,000 francs) should be paid out of the federal treasury, and they have sanctioned the pillage of the convents by Argau, only seven votes being given for the re-establishment of the convents in that canton.—*Tablet.*

State of Switzerland—Rome—the Jesuits.—The following is from the *Times* of this morning:—"Upon the state of Switzerland the *Journal des Debats* publishes the following letter from Zurich, dated the 10th inst.:—'Yesterday the Deputies of Berne left Zurich precipitately. The cause of their departure is no mystery. To-day the district committees of the famous democratic league are to meet at Berne. The event is of a nature to inspire the government of this canton with alarm. Whilst the popular league is deliberating at Berne, the committee of the free companies has met at Zoffinguen, a small town in the canton of Argovia, on the frontiers of Lucerne, which they have made their head-quarters, and whence they started upon their memorable expedition. MM. Steiger and Roschenstein are at Zoffinguen. It is on this day likewise that the canton at Vaud is called to vote upon the new constitution, concocted by M. Drucy and his colleagues. You perceive, therefore, that one-half of Switzerland is at this moment in a state of great excitement.' Upon this subject our Paris correspondent writes:—'Very serious events are imminent in Switzerland. Never was there more extraordinary fatuity or gullibility than the 'Liberals,' about to plunge their country in civil war, have been guilty of. The truly well informed admit 'the Catholic clergy of Switzerland, who have been always distinguished for patriotism and liberality, have become changed since the introduction of the Jesuits into the cantons; but the noise made about that order, and the importance attached to their residence

in the republic, are sadly misplaced.' Our Lucerne letters state that accounts from Rome very positively, though not very politely, deny the statements of the French authorities and journals, that the papal government had *per se* made any concession on the subject of the Jesuits to France."

TURKEY.—A letter from the Rev. Father Gerard, prefect apostolic of the mission of the Reformed Minors at Constantinople, announces to us the happy news of a religious establishment having been formed in the isle of Mitylene, (the ancient Lesbos.) This island, formerly abounding in all spiritual resources, has been, for many years past, without a church and without a resident priest. Since the month of August, 1844, it has been provided with a chapel and an establishment entrusted to the care of the Reformed Minors. The Most Rev. Dr. Mussabini, archbishop of Smyrna, has vouchsafed to repair in person to Mitylene, in order to open a chapel, which is dedicated to the Mother of God. The Baron de Bourquency, ambassador from France to Constantinople, and Monsieur Barthelemy Geymut, consul of Sardinia at Smyrna, have employed their influence and their zeal to remove all the difficulties which stood in the way of this useful foundation.—*Annals of the Faith.*

EGYPT, CHINA, ETC.—Several religious belonging to the Order of Minors of the Observance, have set out for different missions, namely—for lower Egypt, Father Anthony d'Orsogna, of the province of Saint Bernard; for Chan-See (China), Father Bartholemew Sandrini, of the province of Tuscany, and Father Benedict Dominick, a Spaniard; for China, Father Peter, of Lucca; for Albania, Father Diego, of Murin, and Father Henry, of Nocera. —*Annals of the Faith.*

The ship which sailed from Antwerp, in the beginning of May, 1844, having on board the Rev. Messrs. Charrier and Galy, has arrived at Macao. In a letter directed from that city to his cousin, the Rev. Mr. Bernelin, P. P., of Montromand (department of the Rhone), of the date of the 30th November, the first named of these two illustrious confessors of the faith says, with that tone of calmness and intrepidity which we have always admired him for:

"I arrived in China in good health, and after a voyage of five months and four days, without counting eighteen days' stay at Syngapore. Our passage has been long enough to make us have a taste of every kind of weather, and breathe the wind from every point. One of the most furious tempests was near swallowing us up in the Chinese seas. During the space of twelve hours it held us between life and death. Every one was at prayer. Thanks be to God, no harm was done to the ship. We saluted the celestial empire, and dropped anchor at Macao on the 24th October, six days after the bad weather ceased."—*Annals of the Faith.*

CYPRUS.—Four nuns of St. Joseph of the Apparition, who departed some months ago with the Rev. Mr. Brunoni, apostolic missionary of the Propaganda, have arrived at Larnaca, in the isle of Cyprus, where they are engaged in the instruction of their sex.—*Ibid.*

CHINA.—According to the *Notizia delle Missioni Catholiche*, published in Rome, in 1843, there are in China, thirteen bishops, with four coadjutors—seventeen in all. Priests about 160—of whom about 120 are natives. Catholics about 360,000. The diocess of *Macao* has two colleges, that of Nankin, one college and one seminary; that of Sutchuen, two colleges, and *fifty* schools for children, &c., and all this, under laws which proscribed Christianity.—*U. S. C. Miscellany.*

MESOPOTAMIA.—The mission in this country, under the charge of the Rev. Capuchin fathers, and the centre of which is Orfa, is in a very prosperous condition. Many of the Jacobins, schismatic Armenians, and even Mussulmen, embrace the Catholic faith. The Very Rev. Joseph de Burgos is apostolic prefect of this district.

WEST INDIES.— *Trinidad.*—Mgr. R. P. Smith, the Bishop of Trinidad, celebrated for his zeal and ardent charity, has been in Paris with M. l'Abbé Christopher, of Montreuil-sur-Mer, the worthy curate of San Fernando, who accompanied him as secretary. The wants of his immense flock induced this zealous pastor to undertake so long and dreary a voyage. The diocess of Trinidad is 300 leagues in extent, and includes eighteen islands. Mgr. Buckley was the first bishop that ruled over this vast diocess; he arrived there in 1821. All the English and Danish colonies at the Antilles were under his jurisdiction; he had then only six priests. This excellent prelate died in 1828, and left twelve priests. Mgr. MacDonnell, who succeeded him, found great resources in the disinterested zeal of Mgr. Smith, who was his vicar-general until 1827, when the holy see nominated him his coadjutor. Thanks to the persevering efforts and numerous sacrifices of his humble coadjutor, Mgr. MacDonnell was enabled to increase the number of the clergy of his diocess. The pious bishop had the satisfaction of seeing before his death fifty-two missionaries exercising with zeal and courage the functions of the holy ministry, and spreading the benefits of religion amongst the Catholic inhabitants, who were marvellously multiplied. The eighteen islands which compose the beautiful and enormous diocess of Trinidad, have each a governor or lieutenant-governor. Since the death of Mgr. MacDonnell, which occurred in 1844, Mgr. Smith has by his prudence and zeal, ever animated by the most ardent charity, surmounted many difficulties; and is at present on the point of establishing eighteen new missions, having at his disposal eighteen priests well worthy

of their sublime vocation. We will here add that Mgr. Smith provides for all the wants of a considerable number of young men, who apply themselves with success to the acquisition of ecclesiastical knowledge and the practice of the sacerdotal virtues in the seminaries of Saint Sulpice of Orleans, in the Missionary college of All Hallows, Drumcondra, and in that of Carlow. The Sisters of St. Joseph have a very beautiful convent at Trinidad; these good nuns render important services to the city; they have numerous pensioners, and their schools are attended with eagerness and advantage. The city also possesses a superb college, which is on a footing with the best colleges of Europe. This establishment is in a state of prosperity, perfectly realizing the hopes of those interested in it. The virtues of the worthy bishop whom Divine Providence has placed at the head of the immense diocess of Trinidad, the good conduct and zeal of the missionaries, the faith and charity reigning amongst the Catholics, the happy disposition of the Protestant inhabitants who in many instances have abandoned their temples to frequent Catholic churches, all give hopes that our holy religion will make the most rapid progress in this remote land.—*Tablet.*

Conversions.—The son of Dr. Hurter, who is a student of the polytechnic institute of Vienna, has lately been admitted into the church, to the great joy of his illustrious father, who is likewise a recent convert to the faith.

A lady of Mecklenburg, of high rank, has renounced the errors of Protestantism, and been recently admitted to the reception of the holy sacrament in the mother church of all churches, St. John of Lateran, at the altar where Saints Peter and Paul celebrated the holy mysteries. The conversion of this lady was first commenced at Treves, where she had witnessed, and was edified by the tender piety of the million of devout pilgrims who repaired thither during the exposition of the holy robe. She was a witness of the many instantaneous miraculous cures with which was rewarded the confiding faith of the infirm; moved by divine faith, this pious lady repaired to Rome, instead of going to Paris, as was her intention, and there the august ceremonies of holy week, the many charitable establishments for the relief of the distressed, contributed not a little to confirm her in the favorable impressions received at Treves; she finally renounced her former errors, and is now a happy member of the church of Christ.

On the 3d of July, M. Durand, of the canton of Vaud, made, in the church of St. Valerian, at Seon, a public and solemn profession of the Catholic faith. M. Durand is a member of the historical society, of Swiss Romand.

Major Zeerlander, of Berne, famous for his researches and historical knowledge, and for some time a resident of the canton of Argovia, has given publicity to the renunciation, which he made some time ago, of the error of Zwinglo-Calvinism. Thus, says the *Ami*, does the study of history, by developing more and more the impostures of Protestantism, daily bring to the church of God the upright and sincere of heart.

On the 25th of last May, writes the *Ami de Religion*, the cure of Plan cher-les Mines (Haute Soane), has had the consolation of receiving the abjuration of a Protestant family. The ceremony was solemn, and most touching.

Thus does God daily add to the church those whom he wishes to be saved.—*Cath. Herald.*

A Converted Emir.—At a time when the Druses of Syria are waging a deadly warfare against the professors of Christianity, it is consoling to note the conversion of Mecaoud Rozlan, a prince of the family who are directing the hostile movements in that country. This young man recently left Syria with the greatest difficulty, and at the imminent risk of his life, to visit Rome for the purpose of embracing the true religion.

The present Pope.—"The present pope, Gregory XVI," says the *Journal des Debats*, "is the two hundred and fifty-eighth successor of St. Peter. He will complete his eightieth year on the 18th of next month. He was raised to the pontifical see on February 2, 1831. The college of cardinals is composed of fifty-five members, two named by Pius VII, seven by Leo XII, and forty-six by Gregory XVI. Six cardinals are named *in petto*, and there are, besides, nine vacant places. The dean of the sacred college is Cardinal Pedini, eighty-seven years of age; Schwartzenburgh is the youngest of the cardinals, he is scarcely yet thirty-six years of age. Sixty-two cardinals have died since the accession of Gregory XVI. The population of Rome, without counting the Jews, is one hundred and seventy-five thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine."

DOMESTIC.

Archdiocess of Baltimore.—*Ordination.*—On Sunday, August 31st, the Most Rev. Archbishop conferred the sacred tonsure on Messrs. Edward Caton, Henry C. Hoban, and John Jos. Dougherty, students of St. Mary's seminary, Baltimore. On the 6th of July preceding, Rev. William D. Parsons, deacon, was promoted to the holy order of priesthood. On the first of the same month, two reverend gentlemen were ordained priests at Georgetown by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Fenwick. They are attached to the Society of Jesus at that place.

Religious Profession.—On the 28th of August Miss Fanny Jenkins, of Baltimore, received the white veil at the hands of the Most Rev. Archbishop, in the Convent of the Visitation, Baltimore. Her [illegible] Sister Mary Augustine.

Diocess of New York.—*Confirmation.*—On Sunday, 3d of August, the Rt. Rev. Dr. McCloskey administered the sacrament of confirmation at Watertown to more than seventy persons, fifty of whom received, on that occasion, their first communion. On the 5th of the same month he confirmed a large number at Watson, chiefly German and French. In the vicinity of this place there is a large and fast increasing Catholic population.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

Diocess of New Orleans.—*Ordination.*—On Sunday, 24th of August, Bishop Blanc conferred subdeaconship on Rev. F. D'Hoope, scholastic of the Society of Jesus. On the following Wednesday the same gentleman was promoted to deaconship, in the church of St. Augustine, and on Friday, 29th ultimo, was ordained priest in St. Mary's church.

Confirmation.—July 13th, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Blanc administered confirmation at the convent of the Sacred Heart, Grand Coteau, to fourteen young ladies of the academy, and in the parish church, on the same day, to eighty-four others, thirty-nine of whom were pupils of the college. On the 20th of the month seventy-one persons were confirmed at Opelousas; on the 27th, one hundred and two at Vermillionville; on the 30th, twenty-eight at Abbeville; the following day, seventy persons at Pont-Braud; on the 3d August, sixty-five at St. Martinville; on the 7th, sixty-seven at New Iberia; on the 10th, twenty-three in the parish of St. Mary's. During this pastoral visit the bishop authorized the erection of four new churches.—*Prop. Catholique.*

Diocess of Louisville.—At the earnest request of the bishop and clergy of Kentucky, as well as at the urgent solicitation of the trustees and professors of St. Joseph's college, the Rev. Edward McMahon, pastor of Lexington, has consented to become, for a time, president of that institution.

All letters and papers for him are to be directed to Bardstown after the 15th of September.—*C. Adv.*

Diocess of Philadelphia.—*New Church.*—The new church erected in Towanda, Bradford county, was blessed and dedicated to divine worship under the invocation of SS. Peter and Paul, on Friday, the 5th September. Confirmation was administered to above forty persons. The bishop preached on the occasion from Matt. xvi, 18. The church is a neat frame building, fifty-six by thirty-six feet, and is to be attended once a month by the Rev. J. V. O'Reilly, who resides in the neighborhood of Friendsville, Susquehanna county.—*C. Herald.*

Diocess of Boston.—*Confirmation.*—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick conferred the sacrament of confirmation on one hundred and fifty persons on Sunday last, at SS. Peter and Paul's church, south Boston. The ceremony was impressive. The girls were arrayed in white, with veils thrown over their heads. The boys were also well attired and orderly. The great majority partook of the holy communion on the occasion.—*Boston Pilot.*

Diocess of Milwaukie.—The following very interesting details were sent to us by a friend in the West, who informs us that they came from an official source. We thank our correspondent for his excellent communication, and hope that he will continue to favor us with similar accounts, which tend so much to the general edification of the Catholic community.

"*Wisconsin, Sinsinawa, August 17th.*

"Messrs. Editors,—A desire of diffusing useful information has led me to pen a few lines for your learned periodical, that your readers may perceive how flourishing is the state of Catholicity in this remote and extensive territory.

"The Rt. Rev. Dr. Henni recently visited the western portion of his diocess, and on the 31st of July, accompanied by the Rev. J. Causse, he reached the church of Shullsburg, where the V. Rev. Samuel Mazzuchelli was awaiting his arrival. The bishop solemnly dedicated the church to the worship of God, under the invocation of St. Matthew, and he also preached on the occasion. This building was erected in 1841 by its present worthy pastor, Mr. Mazzuchelli, in an open prairie inhabited only by a few miners. It is a neat frame building finished with taste, and surrounded by four acres of ground well enclosed, and occupying a truly eligible situation. Since the building of the church the town of Shullsburg has sprung up alongside of it, and it now presents a respectable appearance in the midst of a mining region. The building is already too small for the increasing congregation, which has been regularly attended by its pastor since his return from Europe, although about twenty miles from his place of residence.

On the following Sunday the Right Rev. Bishop, assisted by five priests, performed the solemn benediction of the church of St. Dominick, erected on Sinsinawa Mound by the untired exertions of the Very Rev. Samuel Mazzuchelli. This building is Gothic, beautifully finished, and ornamented inside with stucco work. On that day not only the parishioners, but a great concourse of people from all parts, and particularly from Galena, Illinois, and Dubuque, flocked to the Mound in order to assist at the ceremonies. Most of them not being able to find room in the church, covered the beautiful green that surrounds it.

After the blessing of the church, high mass was sung by the worthy prelate and an appropriate sermon which engaged the attention of the audience, was delivered by the Rev. M. Healy of Dubuque. The solemnity of the day was closed with vespers and the benediction of the blessed sacrament.

It may not be amiss to say a few words respect-

ing the natural aspect of this place. The description given of it in a late number of the *Truth Teller* may be considered accurate.

"Situate at the junction of the roads leading from Dubuque, Iowa, and Galena, Illinois, to Potosi, Cassville, and Prairie du Chien, and to Mineral Point, Madison, (the seat of government,) Milwaukie, Green Bay, &c., in the territory of Wisconsin; and, for greater geographical accuracy, the precise locality will be found at the angle of latitude 42 degrees, 31 minutes, N., and longitude 13 degrees, 30 min. W. from W., one mile north from the northern boundary of Illinois, five miles east from Dubuque, and ten miles north-west from Galena stands Sinsinnawa Mound, whose summit, according to my recollection of Professor Locke's altitude, is five hundred and fifty feet above the level of the surrounding country; and there, too, stands the new Convent of St. Dominick!! The summit of the mound is crowned by the primitive oak, beneath whose foliage stands the sepulchre of the dusky lords to whom the Creator originally granted the fee-simple of the soil, and whose language has given it a name from the *stream*, or 'Limpid Waters,' which flows rapidly at its base, and wends its way tranquilly into the 'Father of Waters.' Descend from the summit to the rear of the convent, about one hundred and fifty perpendicular feet, and thus a circular road of a mile and a half, forms a belt around the mound, affording a delightful promenade, and a charming view of the most varied and picturesque scenery that ever eye beheld. To the south and east is woodland, cope, and prairie—bearing an air of repose, and eminently calculated to captivate the heart, with here and there a white house and cultivated farm, the convent farm being the most attractive. Here you are soon bewildered in admiration of the gay variety, or the vision is intercepted by the horizon, at a distance of some thirty miles or more. In following the circular road eastward, you meet with little interruption to a like scenery in the direction of Madison, but to the north-west, towards Mineral Point, you are met by the Platte and Blue Mountains, bold and bare,—the residence of Chief Justice Dunn, and Colonel Gratiot, with many others that intervene. In the north and north-west are the high and well wooded lands of the Mississippi and its tributaries, in the direction of Potosi, Cassville, and Prairie du Chien, and the town of Gutenberg in Iowa, where the German Emigration Societies of Pittsburgh and Cincinnati will have two hundred heads of Catholic families before the end of the year 1846. The distant highlands of Iowa, and the bold bluffs which guard the mighty Mississippi, are the most prominent objects from the west of the mound, for a distance of sixty miles or more along the course of that river, but in full and distinct view, is St. Joseph's Prairie, where stands the new noviciate and seminary of the 'Sisters of the Blessed Virgin,' who formerly resided in the house in Philadelphia, which, in May, 1844, was destroyed by a reckless mob.

"The convent of St. Dominick occupies an unrivalled position for health; for, besides the well settled belief of physicians that pulmonary consumption never originated in the mining district, fevers of a congestive character, or other chronic diseases are rarely if ever met with, and its situation is above the fogs or other influences of miasma from the Mississippi. The house at present occupied by the Brothers is a stately but rustic structure. The chapel is small but exceedingly neat. A thrifty bearing orchard, and a well stored vineyard of choice cultivated grapes, are on the premises. The garden is well stocked with vegetables and fruits. Flocks of pheasants, prairie hens, and wild pigeons continually buzzing in your ear, and large broods of young ducks and geese are paddling in the brook. Well did a friend of mine exclaim on last Sunday—'What is there in nature worth living for that is not here?' The title to the lands is good, as General J., having resided there since 1828, purchased them of the government in 1834, and has since obtained his patent. It is well situated between growing and prosperous cities and towns, and in the centre of a district whose minerals of lead, iron, copper, and zinc, are inexhaustible. Its timber is abundant, and its agricultural lands are of a superior quality. There is an excellent quarry open on the premises, and Professor Owen, U. S. geologist, says that the rock is of the same quality as that of which the new parliament house of England is being built."

On the feast of St. Dominick, August 4th, Mr. Mazzuchelli celebrated high mass at the Mound, and, as provincial of the order of St. Dominick in Wisconsin, admitted as novices Rev. Francis Mazzuchelli, and Mr. Joseph Peolking, the latter as a lay-brother. It was a novel and consoling spectacle to behold at Sinsinawa, on this occasion, a bishop and eight priests collected from three different diocesses. Such a gratification was never enjoyed before in Wisconsin territory. We sincerely pray that the Almighty may finish the work he has begun, and prosper the zealous efforts of the Rev. gentleman who gave rise to this institution, for the honor of religion and the salvation of souls.

Yours with respect,

M. F. F. P.

Ordination, &c.—On the 29th of June, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Henni conferred the holy order of priesthood on Mr. Francis Mazzuchelli, who is the first priest ordained in this new and extensive diocess. During the months of May and June, the same prelate confirmed one hundred and twenty-one persons, among whom were several converts.

We learn the following additional particulars from the *Catholic Telegraph*. On the 30th July the Rt. Rev. Dr. Henni administered confirmation to several persons at Potosi, Grant county. On the 15th of August, the bishop dedicated to the worship of God the new and beautiful church at Southport, under the invocation of St. Mark the Evangelist. Rev. Mr. McKernan preached on the occasion. The correspondent of the *Telegraph* adds:

"Three years ago I visited Southport, for the first time, and upon inquiring how many Catholics were residing in that place, I learned that their number did not exceed thirty souls. For more than a year afterwards the congregation attended mass once a month in a small, but neat frame building, the use of which was given for that purpose by Mr. Bernard McLaughlin, a generous-hearted and pious son of the '*Emerald isle*,' who was the first Catholic settler in the place.

"Two years ago there was no Catholic church nor resident clergyman in Racine county, nor were there a sufficient number of Catholic families in any one part of that county, except Southport, to form even a small congregation, Racine, the county seat, containing but six Catholics. At that period there were but two priests to attend to the spiritual wants of all the Catholics, of Washington, Milwaukie, Racine, Walworth, Rock, Dane, Dodge, Jefferson, Portage, and Green counties, a district now containing about nineteen thousand Catholics. How great and how rapid the increase! Racine county alone now contains five churches, including one at Racine village, and the great increase of the population of the county, which is now over thirty-one thousand souls, demands the erection of some three or four more. The total Catholic population of Wisconsin territory, is more than twenty-seven thousand, about eighteen thousand of whom have emigrated hither within the last three years—the *Irish* portion estimated at sixteen thousand, and the Germans number about eight thousand. In conclusion of this hastily written epistle, I would add that no portion of the United States offers so many inducements to emigrants as Wisconsin. The remarkable salubrity of its climate, the fertility of soil in its beautiful groves and verdant prairies, the purity of its waters, the unequalled sublimity of its landscape scenery, and the inexhaustible resources of its mineral wealth, combine to render this territory the most valuable division of this great republic, while the wonderful increase of the Catholic population, the pious zeal of their clergy, the gratifying liberality of our separated fellow brethren, in a word, every circumstance promises the triumph of our holy religion, and the complete success of the apostolic labors of the Right Rev. Bishop Henni, in his new but truly flourishing diocess."

Celibacy of Young Ministers.—The Baltimore conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, at its annual session a few weeks ago, received twelve preachers into the travelling connection. There was a strict examination of their experience, doctrines, &c., and they were required to give pledges not to marry until they become elders. We believe they are ordained as such after a trial of four years, during which they are put on a regular course of study in connection with their labors, and examined in the same annually. We think very well of celibacy in young ministers, until they get an education that will qualify them for the great work. They can pursue a course of study better without wives than with.—*Exeter News Letter.*

We wonder whether any one of the above mentioned twelve preachers will, during those four years, denounce the celibacy of Catholic priests. Or rather is it not probable, considering the subjects on which stated sermons are preached, that every one of them will do so repeatedly. And yet the Baltimore conference has, in practice, sanctioned the principle. The duties of the ministry, at least in the Catholic church, are far more arduous, and require a far greater sacrifice of self, than a simple state of preparation. A man may study, although he has a wife and children; but few having them would dare to face a contagious disease, and risk not his own life alone, but theirs likewise. *U. S. C. Miscellany.*

High church Episcofalians.—The following stanzas, which we have clipped from the *New York Churchman* (Episcopal) of Sept. 13th, will exhibit the gradual approach to sounder views of many of our dissenting brethren. We can not make out the Latin in the last line, but all the rest is intelligible enough, and as orthodox as we could desire it.

LITANY FOR THE DEPARTED.

"It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."—2 *Maccabees* xii, 46.

I.

For the spirits who have fled
From the earth that once they trod;
For the loved and faithful dead,
We beseech the living God!
O receive and love them!
By the grave where thou wert lying,
By the anguish of thy dying,
Spread thy wings above them,
Grant thy pardon unto them,
Dona eis requiem!

II.

Long they suffered here below,
Outward fightings, inward fears;*
Ate the cheerless bread of wo,
Drank the bitter wine of tears:—
Now receive and love them!
By thy holy saints' departures,
By the witness of thy martyrs,
Spread thy wings above them.
On the souls in gloom who sat
Lux æterna luceat!

III.

Lord, remember that they wept,
When thy children would divide;
Lord, remember that they slept
On the bosom of thy bride;
And receive and love them.
By the tears thou couldst not smother;
By the love of thy dear Mother,
Spread thy wings above them.
To their souls, in bliss with thee,
Dona pacem, Domine!

IV.

Grant our prayers, and bid them pray,
O thou flower of Jesse's stem;†
Lend a gracious ear, when they
Plead for us as we for them.
Deus *Angelorum,*
Dona eis requiem,
Et beatitudinem
Cordibus eorum.
Jesu, *Qui salutem das,*
Micat lumen animas! Acolytus.

* 2 Corinthians vii, 5. † Esaias xi, 1.

LADY CRITICS.—The following communication, from a highly respectable source, we cheerfully admit into our columns, concurring fully in the views of the writer, though we do not impute to our editors any improper motives or feelings, in the publication referred to.

Messrs. Editors,—We have lately been favored in the daily papers of the city with Notes of a Voyage across the Atlantic, and of a visit to Paris, written by *a Lady of Baltimore, formerly of Virginia*. The nature of the topics, together, perhaps, with the somewhat animated style of description, much more the sex of the writer, seems to have attached a certain degree of interest to those communications, and I am far from wishing to detract in the least from their pretended or real merit. But they contain a few passages of a sectarian tendency, or rather plainly tinctured with bigotry, which are offensive, and I am induced to complain, through the medium of your paper, of the want of judgment or reflection in those editors of the secular press who thus serve up to their subscribers the stale critiques of petty writers on Catholic doctrines and practices. We consider the editors in this case more censurable than the *fair* writer, who thought, no doubt, she was doing wonders in penning this account of her travels. It may perhaps be deemed *unfair* to pass our strictures on these pencilings by the way, or at least it may appear strange that we should be concerned about the simple fact of a lady's having used the privilege of her sex. Stern justice, however, requires some notice of a few passages in the notes, and we think that the fairness of our remarks will prevent our incurring the indignation even of the fair writer herself.

The first passage alluded to is the following:

"I have seen no Sabbath since I left home. Here there is none. I went last Sunday to Notre Dame and five other celebrated churches, to Mass and to Vespers, and heard nothing but music. Saw no appearance of Sunday in the streets. Shopping, building, and every thing going on the same as on any other day. What a way to live!"

Is it not a misfortune for the *pious* lady, as soon as she left home, to have met with so many things at variance with her notions concerning the *Sabbath?* It is true that there is a *Sabbath* only among the Jews, and among the Puritans, who apply literally the passages of the Mosaic law, regarding the observance of the Sabbath, to the Lord's day or Sunday. But those who do this should eat cold victuals on Sunday, kindle no fire on that day, and not stir from their homes for fear of travelling. Had she seen this in Paris, she would have been profoundly edified. But Christians, before the rise of Protestantism, had never understood Sunday to be a Jewish Sabbath, and they should be allowed the privilege of maintaining their opinion, until it be proved that the law of Moses is obligatory upon Christians. In this event also our Puritan friends will have first to give the example of dispensing with the use of bacon, and of letting their lands lie fallow every seventh year.

The French police do not think proper to interfere with the external observance of Sunday, although the precepts of the church prohibit shopping and building, and the French clergy have often remonstrated against these practices. This is the sum total of the disorder complained of by the lady. The French police in this respect prefer to follow a *liberal* course, and not to "compel" those who from one cause or another are unwilling to submit to the regulations of the church. Had the lady possessed more *liberal* views, as might have been expected from the fact of her hailing from a country which boasts of being the most *liberal* in the world, she would have been less astonished, and would perhaps, on the contrary, have been surprised that, in the classic land of civil and religious liberty, the Jew, the Seventh day Baptist, the Mahometan, the Indian and the infidel are prevented from working on Sunday, and the Catholic compelled to abstain from innocent and reasonable amusements which are lawful on Sundays, and forbidden only by a Pharisaical and Puritanical spirit. Boys are sometimes arrested here for fishing on Sunday; but how much more numerous would such arrests become if, as is the case in Paris, the police officers did not connive at many transactions which, amongst us, are considered equally opposed to the right observance of the Sunday?

The good lady must have been laboring under an absence of mind, when she tells us that there was no "Sabbath" in Paris, and in the same breath informs us that she went to *Mass* and *Vespers* at Notre Dame and five different churches. That there are facilities in Paris for attending divine service on Sunday, is a fact which is too well known to require proof. That the churches, which are not mere houses but extensive buildings, are well attended, is likewise a notorious fact; as notorious as its counterpart, that there are many in Paris who have no care for religion and seldom set their foot in a church. The most singular and ludicrous statement of the fair writer is, that she went to Notre Dame and five other celebrated churches on the same Sunday, assisting at Mass and Vespers, and heard nothing but music. This is indeed very remarkable, nay, it is impossible; for these services to which she alludes, take place about the same time in the different churches, and it follows therefore that she could have done little more than go in and out, and even then she must have driven post haste through the streets of Paris, the celebrated churches being at a considerable distance from each other. We can imagine how in this way she heard *music*, but no *sermon*, because she *would not*

or *could not* assist at the entire service in any one of the churches. Whoever is acquainted with Paris, knows that sermons are not a scarce article there. It is true that the service in Catholic churches does not consist exclusively of preaching; the people go to church for the purpose of praying as well as of hearing a discourse. A Frenchman would perhaps find as much fault with the observance of Sunday here, as our fair critic did with its observance in Paris. If he happened to board in a family where the cook is unemployed on Sunday; where no music or conversation or amusement is allowed; where the children are rebuked for indulging in innocent mirth and playfulness; where every body wears a solemn and demure face, he would most assuredly exclaim, and perhaps with more reason than our lady traveller, "What a way to live!"

The concluding remark of the following passage requires some notice:

"I visited the Cemetery of *Pere la Chaise* and gathered some shrubbery from the grave of Marshal Ney to take home with me. Here are interred a great many of the great men of France; and their tombs are for the most part very striking and novel. Over the tombstones are erected small chapels of white marble or granite. In the chapel is an altar, decorated, as is customary in Catholic churches, with flowers, &c. In it is also a chair or two. The door has an iron grating, through which you can see the various dressings of their altars, which are very tastefully and prettily adorned. A crucifix is in front, and in this way and place the friends of the deceased come and offer up prayers for their departed souls. If it was not for the idolatry and superstition of this practice, I could be pleased with every thing else."

This conclusion is really curious; it is put forth in the solemn and doctrinal tone of the *femmes savantes* of Moliere. The lady witnessed at *Pere la Chaise* evidences of piety and devotion: but it turns out to be nothing but idolatry and superstition! What a pity!

We suppose that the *idolatry* refers to the use of the crucifix, and the *superstition* to the prayers for the dead. The latter would indeed be superstition, if there were no legitimate grounds for such a practice. But how does the good lady know that there are no such grounds? Could she assert that she has made a serious study of this question? has she ever heard or learned, in regard to this question, any thing more than the vague and unfounded charges of certain ministers? From the tenor of her remarks we presume she has not. The Catholic then who rests his belief in the legitimacy of such prayers, on passages of Scripture, and chiefly on the constant, uninterrupted, and general practice of all Christian churches, down to the days of Luther, only sighs at the blindness of those who produce such charges, or laughs at the silly presumption of those who attach to their own individual views more weight than to the testimony of all mankind. The charge of idolatry is still more grievous. Idolatry was the crime of the ancient pagans, consisting in rendering to creatures the honor which is due to God; and the good lady does not hesitate to involve in this guilt the 200 millions of Catholics scattered over the globe: for there is not a spot where Catholics live, and where a crucifix can not be found. The number of Protestants is scarcely the third part of what we have stated, and they are besides of very recent origin: it would then appear that the whole result of Christ's coming upon earth has been to change one species of idolatry into another; the idolatry of Jupiter and Mars into that of crucifixes and pictures. If there is any idolatry in the use of crucifixes, how is it that so many men eminent for their learning, in every department of science, (many such the lady could easily have met with in Paris,) how is it that they have never discovered this idolatry? How do all Catholics agree that it is supremely ridiculous and impious to render to a creature the honor which is due to God, and notwithstanding this open avowal, still persevere in the use of images and crucifixes? Such a glaring crime of idolatry ought certainly to have horrified Marshal Ney and Napoleon, for whom the lady seems to possess a great respect, and yet these men were Catholics; and, though not always very practical ones, at their death they made their confession to a priest, bowed to the crucifix, and heartily cherished all the rites of the Catholic church. We fear that the good lady condemns this practice as idolatrous, merely because she has been so taught by certain doctors in Israel. She has perhaps heard from them that Catholics bow down to the crucifix, intending to pay divine honor to the wood or brass of which the crucifix is made. If such are the impressions of the fair writer, we will inform her that she is most egregiously mistaken. If she really imputes this practice to the Catholic, she will find the parallel of her tale in the well known story of a servant who, having eaten some of the figs which he was carrying to a friend of his master, with a note stating their number, was quite surprised in perceiving that the note had informed on him, and to prevent the recurrence of the same thing again, he in future concealed the note of his master, and gratified his taste with impunity. To illustrate the subject by another example, they who charge Catholics with idolatry, on account of their respect for the crucifix, resemble the Indian who, noticing the regard which civilized people manifest for books, would imagine that it proceeds from a devout attachment to the paper or parchment of which these books are made. The man who imputes idolatry to a Catholic because of his veneration for sacred images, is about as shrewd a reasoner as the

servant or the Indian. But did not the good lady herself fall into idolatry? Truth is powerful and must out in some form or other! The theory of Protestants, on the subject of images and signs, is so inconsistent and unnatural, that it leads them into inconsistency, even when they seem to be most on their guard against inconsistency. Our critic gathered some shrubbery from the grave of Marshal Ney to take home with her. Has she no fear of this shrubbery's being an emblem of idolatry? Is it not an honor paid to that shrubbery, in the first instance to gather it with care, and then to preserve it with respect? The lady then, according to her own theory, pays to creatures an honor due to God alone. If she answer that her intention in this act was merely to pay a tribute of respect to Ney, as a great general, we ask how it can be forbidden to pay a religious respect to Christ, particularly by so appropriate and natural an emblem as the crucifix?

We hope that our fair critic, on her return to Baltimore, should these remarks come under her eye, will not be offended at the liberty we have taken of protesting against a few passages in her note-book. We sincerely trust that her travel will prove to her a source of much enjoyment and instruction, and we merely suggest, in conclusion, that, in the event of her touching again upon theological matters, she consult the *Amicable Discussion*, *Milner's End of Controversy*, or some work of the kind, which may be easily procured in the book-stores of this city. A GENTLEMAN OF BALTIMORE,

formerly of Paris.

CRITIQUE OF THE CATHOLIC HERALD.—The subjoined communication, just received from the author of the article on Geology, which appeared in the Magazine some time since, and was criticised in the *Herald*, will show that the writer has full confidence in the positions he has taken, and is prepared to defend them in a tone and spirit worthy the dignity of his subject.

"Messrs. Editors,—In the Catholic Herald of Aug. 28th there appeared a critical notice of the article on Geology in the July number of this Magazine, to which notice I wish at present to make but a brief reply. For the reason that some two months since having requested several of my friends connected with the press, some of them eminent geologists, others equally eminent theologians, to overturn my conclusions if they could, I am now waiting patiently a reasonable time to give them an opportunity for so doing. This request was made not in the spirit of bravado, but with a simple wish to attain to truth, and with a perfect willingness to abandon all that I have proved or attempted to prove the moment I could be shown in error. But, to convict me of error, my friend of the *Herald* must urge something more substantial than his mere opinion. I have proposed certain views, and attempted to defend them by facts and arguments. Now if my logic is mere plausible sophistry, this can easily be shown. If what I offer as fact is not true, it can be shown to be untrue, but if the logic is good and the facts are true, better admit them at once than attempt to deny them and be compelled to admit them at last. To aid my critic in what he has undertaken, and to save him in part from the result of the ordeal to which in due time I intend to subject both his logic and his facts, I beg leave to call his attention to one or two assertions in his article which require some support. He tells me "the account of Moses does not only not contradict the deductions of the geologist when fairly represented, (as they most certainly are not in the article before us)," &c. &c. &c., thus distinctly charging me with unfair dealing, and I have a right to demand some shadow of evidence in proof. To make such a charge without evidence, or, having this, to decline giving it would be unequivocally unfair. I still maintain that the deductions of geology are most fairly represented in the article in question, and call for proof of unfairness. Again he says, "we are confident if the geologist's cause were better represented, the arguments of the theologian would have been thrown in the shade, and his boasted rule of St. Augustine turned against himself." But by some strange oversight he forgot to furnish what would thus have silenced the theologian. Now, my friend of the *Herald* either knows some better arguments that the geologist could have used, or he does not. If he knows such better arguments, by all means let us have them; if he does not know any such, let him honestly say so, and then, if he chooses, he is perfectly at liberty to guess that somebody knows them, though I apprehend he comes not from a region where people are infallible in guessing. It will doubtless be thought temerity in me thus to brave the avenging rod, yet, judging from the specimen I have already had, I am inclined to think I shall not be completely annihilated should it descend a second time. A.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have received the following articles, for which we are much indebted.

The Astronomical Clock of Strasburg, a full and interesting description of the most wonderful piece of mechanism in the world.

The Cure of the Ruler's Son, and *Sunday Visit to a Burial-ground*, two poetical contributions.

The Holy Chapel, (a legend,) translated from the French, an article of considerable beauty.

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 15th of September, Rev. PETER STANISLAUS SCHREIBER, pastor of St. Vincent's church, Baltimore, in the 43d year of his age.

The Archdiocess of Baltimore had scarcely re-

covered from the painful circumstance of the loss sustained by the death of Rev. Mr. Gildea, when the departure of another from the ranks of her clergy presents an occasion of prolonged and aggravated sorrowing. But within the limits of our city, and particularly within the parish of St. Vincent's, which has seen her two pastors snatched away in the brief space of seven months, there is a concentration of grief which spreads a deep and general gloom around us, and our hearts, in their overflowing, contemplate with equal emotion the solemn dispensations of the past, and the uncertain, mysterious developments of the future. A comfort, however, is not denied us under these circumstances. We recall the language of the inspired writer, and knowing that "the Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away," we bless the goodness that has watched over us, and with a full confidence look up to Him whose resources are infinite, whose ways are always adorable, and who even "in his anger is not unmindful of mercy."

Mr. Schreiber was born in Baltimore on the 29th of May, 1803, of a respectable family. Having lost his father at an early age, the care of his education devolved upon his mother, who, having had the happiness of embracing the true faith, was solicitous to provide the same blessing for those whom Providence had placed under her charge. With this view he was taught at an early age the duties of Christian piety, and was subsequently placed at the college of Mt. St. Mary's near Emmitsburg. In this excellent institution he was alike distinguished by his diligent application and his attention to the duties of religion. Upon the termination of his collegiate career, desiring to consecrate himself more particularly to the service of God, he entered the theological seminary in the same institution, and afterwards received there the sacred tonsure, by which he was admitted among the levites of the sanctuary. In the year 1825, he removed to St. Mary's Seminary at Baltimore, where, after the completion of his theological course, he was promoted to the priesthood, on the 26th of August, 1827. Immediately after his ordination, Mr. Schreiber was appointed the assistant of the Very Rev. Mr. Matthews, pastor of St. Patrick's church, Washington city, and by the zealous discharge of his duties in this place he won for himself the respect and esteem of all, and particularly of the venerable clergyman with whom he lived. With the same assiduity did he apply himself to the care of the Catholic congregations at Richmond, Va., and at St. Peter's church in Washington city, where he was successively located by the M. Rev. Archbishop Whitfield. The same prelate, upon the occurrence of a vacancy at the Cathedral, appointed the Rev. Mr. Schreiber to the office of assistant pastor of that church. From this period, in the spring of 1835, to that of his death, Baltimore was the continual field of his labors, and it is needless to enlarge upon the zeal, the piety, and the ability which always marked his career, first at the Metropolitan church and subsequently at St. Vincent of Paul's. These characteristics of the faithful and efficient pastor are well known to have been exhibited in the clerical life of the Rev. Mr. Schreiber, although the natural debility of his constitution rendered exertion on his part more than ordinarily arduous. But a few months since, having succeeded the Rev. Mr. Gildea in the charge of St. Vincent's, new energies seemed to be elicited from him by the additional burthen which he had assumed, and perhaps the active and increased solicitude which he now manifested for his flock tended in some degree to shorten the period of his usefulness. When he found himself sinking under the weight of disease, he bore the crisis with sentiments worthy of the good servant who had done his Master's work, and in breathing his last, it was his consolation and his treasure to know that he left behind him the universal regrets of a numerous and devoted flock, and to anticipate with confidence the bright reward of him who has been a vigilant and faithful steward in the Lord's household. If his memory will be dear to many, the generous charity which he displayed in the disposition of his property, amounting to some thousands of dollars, will entitle him justly to a rank among the best friends of our benevolent and religious institutions, and ever secure him a prominent place in their grateful and charitable remembrance. W.

Died recently, at St. Mary's, Illinois, by drowning, Mr. Isidore Faller, a native of France, and a student of the seminary of Vincennes, aged 16 years.—*Cath. Advocate.*

On the 29th of August, at the Convent of the Visitation, Georgetown, D. C., Virginia, daughter of Maj. Gen. Winfield Scott, U. S. army, in the 24th year of her age. The deceased had embraced the true faith in Rome, a few years before, and on her arrival in this country, notwithstanding her evidently declining health, generously retired from the world, and consecrated herself to God in religion, to learn more effectually, in this holy retirement, how to die the death of the saints.

On the 30th August, at the Ursuline Convent, near New Orleans, Sister Cecilia (Vanpradelles), aged 51 years. She had been a useful and edifying member of the community fourteen years.

On the 10th of September, at New Orleans, Rev. Giles F. Martin, former pastor of St. Martinville, aged 54 years. Learning, piety, and zeal had concurred to render this gentleman a most efficient laborer in the ministry.

The Challenge of Barletta, by Massino d'Azeglio. Translated and edited by C. Edwards Lester. New York: Paine and Burgess. 12 mo. pp. 274.

The accomplished author of this translation from the Italian seems to be no less distinguished for his literary merits, than for the able services which he has rendered to his country as American consul at Genoa. We should judge him also to be a man of just and liberal views and expansive feelings, which are the more remarkable, as a visit to Italy now a days is frequently the means of confirming in the minds of those who have imbibed early prejudices against the Catholic church, all the erroneous impressions which form the a, b, c of Protestant education. Mr. Lester, if we are not deceived, has proved himself free from this superficiality, which has led so many of our countrymen to commit themselves before the public. If he does not eulogize the religion of Italy, neither does he ignorantly assail it: and if he has exercised his pen in rendering the Italian writers more available, he has selected works which are for the most part interesting and useful. His translations of Machiavellis' *Florentine Histories* and the *Autobiography of Alfieri*, deserve well of our country; the work before us, however, does not possess the same character. We object to its appearance in an English dress, for several reasons. In the first place, it is a novel, the pages of which contain many scenes of a character altogether too unnatural and extravagant to be presented even for the purposes of mental relaxation. This much we would assert of it among Italians themselves, whose enthusiastic temperament would discover in it much less of romance than the more phlegmatic nature of Americans. Then, too, we do not believe that such a production as the *Challenge of Barletta* can be appreciated in a country like this, where the people are so much accustomed to deduce false conclusions on the most serious matters from the fanciful representations of the novelist, and particularly on subjects connected with the practices of the Catholic church. What is mentioned in this book, and what is known and understood by the Italians, as an exception to the general morals of the clergy and laity, would easily, though falsely, be construed into a faithful delineation of what is commonly witnessed in Catholic countries. For these reasons we look upon the work before us, as not only a useless but dangerous accession to our literature; calculated to produce very erroneous impressions in relation to things of a grave character; impressions which it should be the effort of talent and learning to eradicate from the public mind, instead of giving them a stronger hold upon the opinions of the prejudiced and misinformed.

Life of St. Vincent of Paul, founder of the Congregation of the Mission and of the Sisters of Charity. By M. Collet, Priest of the Mission. Translated from the French by a Catholic clergyman. Balt. Metropolitan Press. 12mo. pp. 347.

This volume is neatly executed, and well deserves all the typographical excellence that can be bestowed upon it. It is one of those books which may be said to contain the quintessence of all that is admirable in the practical influence of our faith, and to place it before the reader in a form equally interesting and instructive. There are works on Christian morality, which embrace more particularly the theory of the subject, and they are no doubt necessary to a certain extent, for the accurate development and elucidation of the principles of conduct; but the use of such treatises will always become more intelligible and more beneficial, if they are made to alternate with the biographies of those who have been distinguished for their sanctity. We then see the principle illustrated in action; we behold individuals, who were similarly circumstanced with ourselves, rising to the most elevated scale of virtue. In reading of their heroic deeds, and following them through the various circumstances of life, we behold, as it were, a sacred drama enacted before us, and the impressions which are produced in this way are much deeper and more lasting than are received from a simple didactic exposition. Few biographies of the saints could be found to possess a greater interest than that of St. Vincent of Paul; none could be more practically useful. His life was so unequivocally and so copiously fruitful in every species of good work, that it has been eulogized even by Protestant pens. The volume which has just appeared should for this reason be introduced into every Catholic family. For sale by J. Murphy.

A Catholic Story: or Four months' residence in the house of a convert from Protestantism. By Mary C. Edgar. Philadelphia: Published by M. Fithian 18mo. pp. 108.

With the exception of some slight inaccuracies of language, this little volume appears to us highly commendable. As the talented authoress observes in her preface, it is not intended as a controversial work; it is simply explanatory in regard to those points of doctrine of which our dissenting brethren are most ignorant. We recommend this volume as a source of much entertainment and instruction. It is printed in Mr. Fithian's usual style of excellence. For sale by J. Murphy.

Letters to the Rt. Rev. John Hughes, D. D. Catholic bishop of N. York, upon the present system of public education; with suggestions for a plan more effectual and less expensive; recommending itself to the approbation of Christians of all denominations. By Fenelon. Philadelphia: M. Fithian. 12mo. pp. 31.

The title of this pamphlet is sufficient to indicate the object which the author has proposed to himself. He points out the inconveniences of the present system of public education, which, almost entirely discarding religious and moral instruction, is necessarily defective, and incompetent to form good men and useful citizens. The necessity of combining moral with secular education is clearly and forcibly established, and it is shown that the mere introduction of the Bible into the common schools is far from accomplishing this object. The

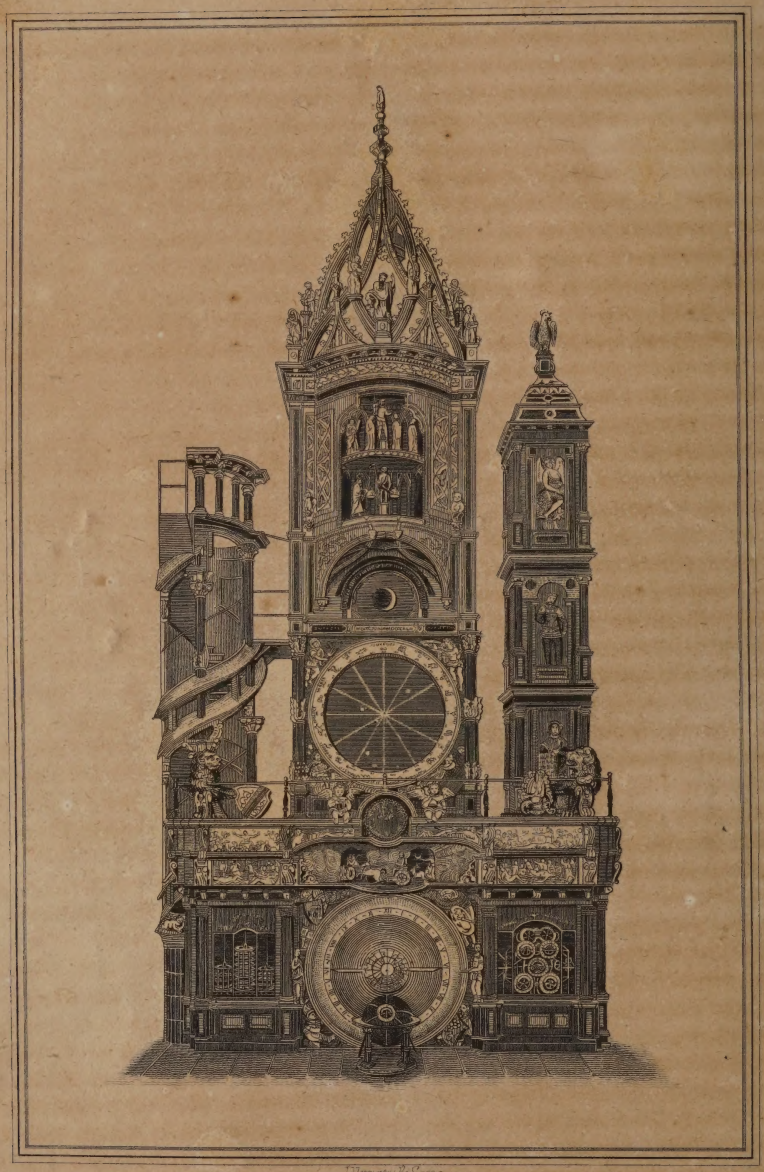
writer then proceeds to show the practicability of uniting these two kinds of instruction, by the institution of parochial schools, one of which should be connected with every congregation. In this way every denomination would be satisfied by the inculcation of that particular doctrine which it holds, and at the same time the expense of public education would be reduced, while several advantages would accrue to the children under instruction, and a better tone imparted to the political discussions which have been made to bear on this question. The suggestions of the author are undoubtedly deserving of consideration, though they seem to us to be substantially the same with those which were put forth on former occasions in New York, when the school question was more prominently agitated. We have had occasion before to bear testimony to the vigorous and elegant style of the writer, and his diligent efforts to benefit his countrymen are eminently praiseworthy. May his success correspond to his merits.

The Orphan's Casket. Louisville, Ky.

Under this very appropriate title is to be published this month at Louisville, Ky., a daily paper, which will contain a charming variety of literary matter, consisting entirely of original tales, essays, poems, &c., the contributions of gifted minds. This periodical will appear every day during the Fair which is to be held in that city for the benefit of the Female Orphan Asylum, and will be mailed to subscribers at twenty-five cents per number, or the whole series consisting of six numbers may be obtained for one dollar. The well known ability of the fair writer who is to edit the paper is a warrant of the high merit which it will possess, independently of the noble object to which it is devoted. Whoever wishes to enjoy a delightful roam through the flowery groves of the muses, has only to send for the Orphan's Casket. Address "Editor of the Orphan's Casket," Louisville, Kentucky.

The History of Ireland, by the Abbé M'Geoghegan. New York: D. &. J. Sadlier. Baltimore: J. Murphy.

We have received from the publishers Nos. 6, 7, and 8 of this interesting work, which complete the History. These numbers are peculiarly attractive; in every page we recognise the traces of a sincere patriot, and true specimens of Irish spirit. We are not of that school which would prefer that a nation's story should be written in the tame dry narrative of a stranger to its sufferings and glories. We like much better a writer, like the Abbé M'Geoghegan, whose heart is with his country, for weal or for wo, and who, while he devotes his genius to her history, does not hesitate to repel with manly arguments, the aspersions and slanders of a Hume, a Cox, and other revilers of the fair fame of his beloved country. Such an historian can not fail to fascinate, because, sympathizing with his country, he warms with his subject and infuses into his reader a portion of his own ardent spirit. He sets forth the wrongs of his brethren with touching simplicity and exhibits to us their deeds of prowess, with true pride and pleasure. Nos. 6, 7 and 8 introduce us to the times of Henry VIII, Elizabeth, the Jameses, the Charleses, Cromwell, and the Prince of Orange, and present us a vivid picture of the gallant resistance made by the Irish nobles to the oppressions and insults of the Anglo-Saxon tyrants through these several epochs. As we follow the author we can not but feel a lively interest in those prodigies of valor achieved by the O'Neills, the O'Donnells, the Fitzgeralds, the Maguires, the O'Morras, the Barries, and other chieftains in their struggles with their oppressors. No where have we seen a more glowing description than that which the Abbé gives of the defence of the Castle of Dunboy, by his distinguished namesake Richard M'Geoghegan. As we read of the daring and chivalry of the Irish chiefs, we can not but regret that their efforts should have been marred, as they were, by such a variety of untoward circumstances. At one time the disputes among the leaders, at another the want of provisions, at another the exhaustion of their ammunition, and in the last struggle the vacillating course of James II, which made one of his officers say to him, "Sire, if you had a hundred kingdoms, you would lose them all." These unhappy occurrences alone have kept Ireland under a yoke the most galling that one Christian nation ever imposed upon another. Yet even to this day, that spirit which the Abbé so warmly describes is still untamed. Though subdued, Ireland is not yet conquered, her gallant leaders still give vent to their menaces and indignation, in tones that keep their rulers any thing but easy. The spirit of Erin still struggles with her oppressors, and will continue to do so, till she achieves for herself equal justice with the rest of the empire, or sunders entirely those galling chains that still chafe and exasperate her. The work of the Abbé concludes with the treaty of Limerick, a notice of the officers of the celebrated Irish brigade, of their disposition among the different states of Europe, and an allusion to the battles in which the several regiments won distinction and favor. We commend the work to all readers, but especially should Irishmen buy it and treasure it.



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